WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 21
1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue

WILLIAM TILDEN

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

DRESSED TO GO ON

JUNE 21, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1
NO. 7

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WE ARE FOR SPORTS.

Giving his views on political orators, the philosopher of Archy Road has said: "An' whin they gets to talkin' about Greece and Rome I takes me hat and goes home." In spite of that warning we are going to say that modern America cannot do better than imitate the ancient Greeks in their devotion to sports. The Greeks thought so highly of sports that their games were national festivals, and one of the Greek cities stopped a successful war so as to go home and celebrate the games. They thought so highly of sports that they associated them with their religion, and with their love of country. Their great men were proud of their prowess in the games and they measured their historic periods by the Olympic games, by Olympiads.

This was the wisdom of a people who created a civilization in many respects unsurpassed in history.

Think of that when some one more solemn than wise says we make too much of sports. The contrary is true. We do not make enough of them. The greatest American of our day built himself up from a frail youth to be a human dynamo. Theodore Roosevelt never lost his love of sports to the end of his life. There is a lesson in that for the American people. Not only the ancient wisdom but the most modern science declares that there must be a sound body if there is to be a sound mind. That goes for the body politic also.

So LIBERTY is for sports. We think the well meaning educators who deprecate the attention given to athletics in colleges are needlessly alarmed. We believe more should be done, not less, for the physical education of our youth, and we believe that athletics in our schools and colleges is one of the most useful and one of the highest phases of our educational progress. There should be more organized sport in our primary and grammar grades of the public schools, and more money, not less, spent upon facilities. For sports build body, mind and character. They build the individual for a happy, useful life. They build the citizen. They build the nation.

The taste for sports and the habit of sport should be established in our youth, but it should be kept up in adult life. That is where too many Americans fail. They may sentimentalize over the days of real sport and go back, in fancy, to the old swimmin' hole, but they don't go to the new bathing beach or golf course. The old days of simpler living have given place to conditions which make it harder for many of us to keep fit. We have been trying to meet the change, and there has been an encouraging increase in facilities for sport. But it hasn't gone far enough. We need more public and private golf courses, baseball fields, tennis grounds, swimming beaches and pools, riding paths, bowling alleys, and all facilities in town and country where we can play games.

Let us make sport a national habit, a national institution, a part of all our lives. Give Uncle Sam a golf club in one hand and a baseball bat in the other.

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A FULL PAGE PORTRAIT OF

The Democratic Presidential Nominee

READY FOR FRAMING

Will Be Given with an Early Issue of LIBERTY

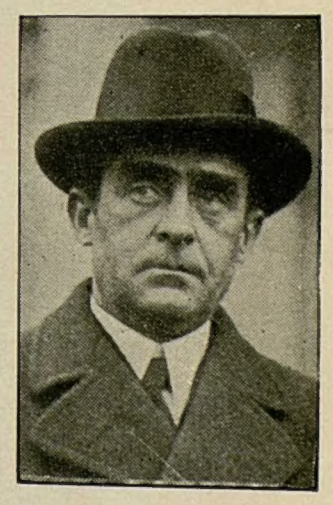
WATCH FOR IT

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the late Woodrow Wilson's personal physician, writes an intimate story of the ex-President, revealing graphically the almost superhuman demands which the office of the nation's chief executive imposes upon the men the people select to fill it. In a way, it is an alarming article; yet it points a vivid moral.

A score of other brilliant features, including *Etiquette of the Honeymoon*, an original contribution to the prospective happiness of June brides and bridegrooms, make the next issue scintillate with crisp and entertaining reading.

Out NEXT Wednesday, at All Newsstands—Five Cents



CARY T. GRAYSON

June 21, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 7

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. No manuscripts received unless fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage inclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 25 Park Place, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. Entered as second class matter, April 30, 1924, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

STEALING STYLES!

The True Story of a Fashion Pirate

Illustrated by JOHN LaGATTA

She is smart, she is dainty and charming. The twinkle in her eye hides native shrewdness. She talks entertainingly of Paris, London—the capitals of the world. She is a blessing to America's Main Street and a curse to the Parisian modiste. She is a fashion pirate! Her identity, she insists, must be left hidden in this confessional, but here is her story. Her startlingly frank revelations will amaze most women.

Then one night at the Ritz-Carlton she lifted her arms to arrange her hair. I was close enough to see every detail of how that bodice was made.

I AM a fashion pirate! I am the despair of Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue; the joy of Broadway and points west—a blessing to America's Main Street. I bridge time and distance between Parisian boulevards and Oshkosh, Chillicothe, and far off Petaluma. I make it possible at the beginning of any season for the shop girl of Chicago to blossom forth on Michigan Boulevard in the same exquisite model of seasonal finery that her French sister wears to dazzle Champs Elysées.

For ten years I've been haunting the capitals of the world in search of the beautiful, the becoming, the chic in order that the women of America may be the best dressed on earth.

In these confessions I shall hide my identity not because I'm ashamed of my vocation but because anonymity is a part of my value to my employer. My usefulness as a pirate will cease when the great designers of the fashion world come to know me—when!

Fashion pirates, I imagine, have been plying their trade ever since the fig leaf age. Eve, the first woman, set the fashion of her time. Then, along came Adah and Zillah. When they got to the age where they began to think seriously of dress they probably looked over Eve's wardrobe and stole an idea or two about

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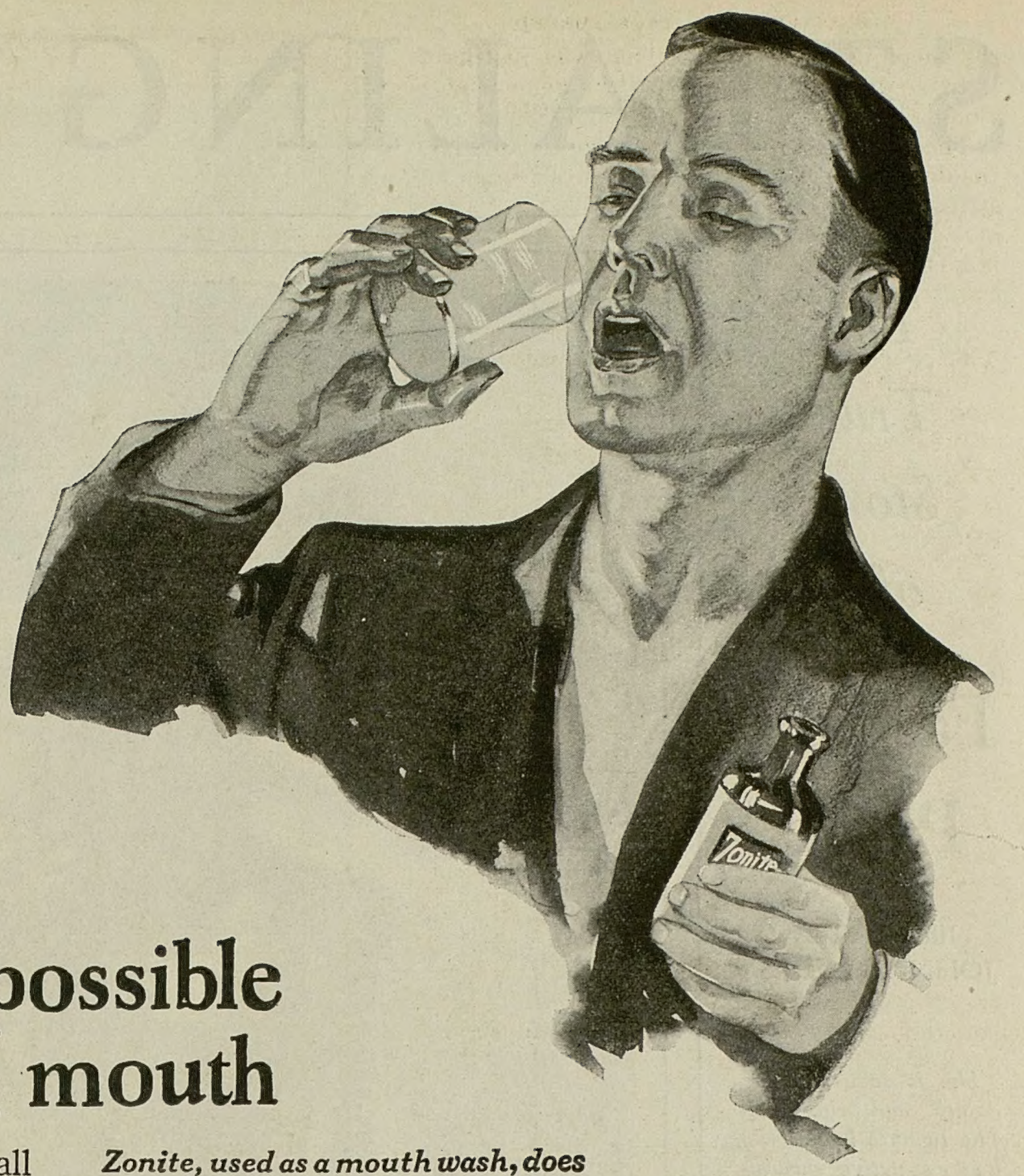

Zonite
at last makes possible a GERM-FREE mouth

A LARGE proportion of all human illness is caused by germs which enter the body through the mouth and nose. Science learned this through the discoveries of Pasteur in 1852; but science has been helpless because all known germicides powerful enough to kill these germs were deadly poisons.

With the discovery of a non-poisonous, non-irritating, yet highly powerful germicide during the World War, a new era dawned. It is now possible to kill germs in the mouth, nose and throat quickly, easily and safely.

Zonite is this new form of antiseptic prepared for household use. Though much more powerful than pure carbolic acid, it may be used freely in the mouth, nose and throat. Authorities are urging its daily use in this manner by everyone as modern health insurance.

Zonite, used as a mouth wash, does three distinct things:

[1] Removes all breath odors arising from conditions in the mouth and leaves no odor of its own.

[2] Destroys the germs that are responsible for pyorrhea — the dread disease of the gums which is sweeping civilized nations like a plague.

[3] Destroys the germs which cause colds, sore throat and more serious respiratory diseases.

◈ ◈ ◈

Zonite has many other necessary uses in the home. The Zonite Handbook explains them. The attached coupon will bring it to you free of charge.

In bottles, fifty cents and one dollar. For sale by druggists everywhere.

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

the wearing of fig leaves. That was justifiable if by so doing they improved the general style along the paths of the suburbs of Eden.

Then down through the ages came the fashion pirate. Today she is an accepted institution. She is cursed by the big designers of Paris and other European capitals, but she is blessed by the women of America and other countries.

MEN who like to be seen with well dressed women, and husbands and fathers who foot the bills, owe a debt of gratitude to the fashion pirate. So, you see, the majority are with her. Her work is peculiarly utilitarian —it makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

For instance, take the Godet skirt, which set the fashion world agog. When it appeared last spring the world admitted it was just about the snappiest thing which fashionable Paris had seen in many fashionable moons. I was in Paris at the time and first saw the model at Patou's opening. My sixth sense, which is my fashion sense, told me the Godet skirt would strike the fancy of American women. I managed to steal the idea—in a general way.

You may recall that the Godet skirt was formed from a circular piece of cloth, was full at the bottom, but without extra fullness at the hips. Well, I surreptitiously sketched the thing—getting the general effect—but I couldn't figure out just how the designer managed to get the close fitting waist. But I didn't let that worry me.

Next morning the original Godet model was placed aboard ship and started on its way to one of America's most exclusive importers. But in the meantime I had cabled to my employer in New York a detailed description of the skirt with my idea of how the waist effect was attained. Then I got aboard the ship with the model.

Seven days later we arrived in New York. The model was delayed a day or two in customs. Before it reached the importer our house had splendid imitations on sale in the big retail establishments in New York, and large shipments on the way to out of town customers.

Now, our copy wasn't perfect, but it would take an expert to detect the difference without a close up examination.

Thanks to my piracy and the speed of our house, American women were able to appear in Godet skirts—moderately priced, too—simultaneously with their cousins across the sea.

A FIRST class pirate has many ways of determining what models are most in demand in Paris. Some resort to bribery, some depend upon the friendship of manikins, some have ways peculiarly their own—secrets which they keep.

The most valuable pirate is the one with a good, retentive memory. The best Paris houses have an unwritten law that American importers must buy from three to five models a season. The importer who fails to abide by this rule will find he has been overlooked when invitations to the next opening are issued.

It's at these openings that the American buyer and his pirate get in their most effective work. If he has a good fashion pirate he doesn't mind buying three or four models outright, for he knows that when he leaves the establishment she will carry away with her mental notes of perhaps ten or fifteen other models. If she is real clever she can even make

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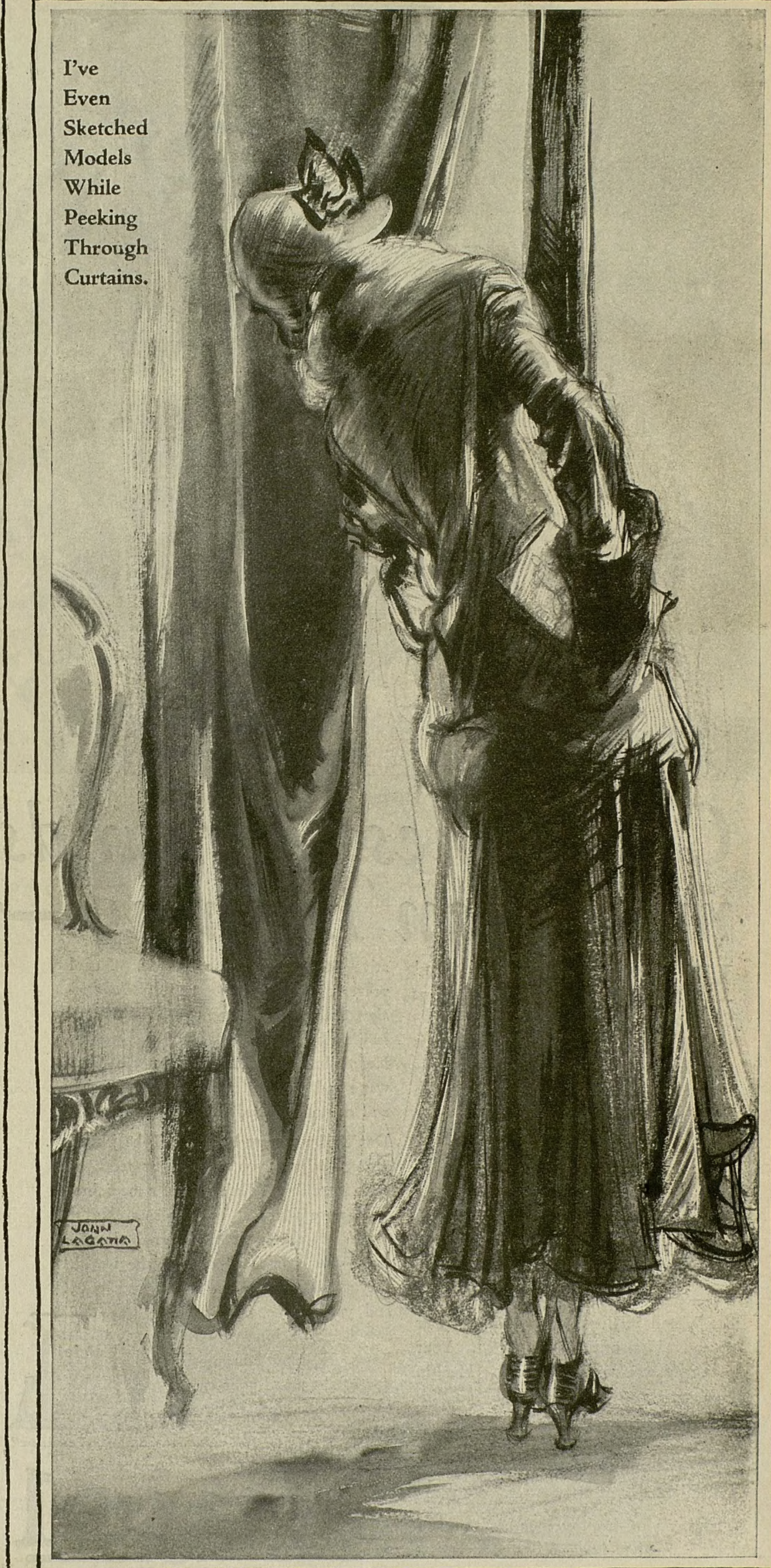

Cleanliness demands more than Bathing—

HOW easy and pleasant is bathing! Now that nearly every house has the modern bathroom, external cleanliness is a national habit. But there is another habit, the habit of *internal* cleanliness, which is far more important to your health and well-being.

Doctors will tell you that internal cleanliness means keeping the food waste moving regularly out of the system. A clogged intestinal system is a disease-breeder. Here starts first such ailments as headache, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. Poisons flood your system. Vital organs are affected. Your power of resistance is lowered. Health, even life itself, is threatened. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Thousands of healthy men and women have learned to prevent illness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication*, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and thus hastens its passage through and out of the body.

Don't give disease a start. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. If you would maintain health, good looks, and youthful energy, adopt this habit of internal cleanliness. Nujol will make every day brighter and your enjoyment of life more keen. For sale at all druggists.

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Constipation

Everywhere physicians are sounding urgent warnings of the growing menace of faulty elimination. In an address before a leading medical society recently the medical director of one of the principal insurance companies stated that the lowered vitality caused by faulty elimination made the entire body a prey to dangerous germs. He further declared that if the absorption of poisons from clogged intestines was stopped, it would largely do away with the numerous untimely deaths that occur during middle age.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation, has found at last in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination.

Complexion Troubles: Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes! It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is thus the most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People: In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this natural lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years.

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

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For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

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sketches of the most desired frocks and gowns.

Of course, the Paris houses forbid the importer and his pirate—who goes along in the guise of his designer—to carry pencil and paper at these openings. The houses, however, provide programs containing numbers corresponding to the numbers on the gowns to be shown. They permit the importer and his "designer" to mark or check the models they select and also to note the color of the material.

That's enough for any good pirate. By the simple use of innocent looking scratches and dots she is able to put down a fairly accurate description of the models she wants to steal.

Another thing forbidden by the Paris designer is the handling of materials. Let me get my fingers on a fabric and I'll come pretty close to telling just what material is in it and how it is woven. If we are fortunate enough to get hold of a swatch—a small piece of cloth—we send it to our factory, where our weavers take it apart and see just what material is in it and exactly how it is woven. Duplication then is comparatively easy.

When the soft gold cloth evening wraps first appeared in Paris the American pirates were stumped. They didn't know the material or how it was made. I happened to know a weaver at the plant which manufactured the cloth. With the cabled permission of my employer I got in touch with this Frenchman, offered him three times the pitiable salary he was receiving, engaged him, and sent him to America on the next boat. Three weeks later he was turning out gold cloth almost the same as the Parisian fabric.

THERE are four seasonal openings a year in Paris. These are trying times for the fashion pirates and their employers. The leading Paris houses take extraordinary precautions to keep their new models away from the eyes of the pirates. Invitations to meet the King and Queen of England can't be much harder to get. The American importer, of course, gets one and he is allowed to bring along his designer.

The importer who has no scruples against piracy uses this invitation for his pirate. Both watch the most successful American importers and try to find out what models they are buying.

There are many ways of finding out. My method is to work with the manikins and saleswomen—none of whom is overpaid. I know many of them. I make appointments to meet them after the importer I am watching has made his selections. They bring me word of what has been bought and I in turn make them happy by greasing their palms with American gold.

At one very exclusive opening I even bribed two girls to smuggle me into a room adjoining the one in which a certain American importer was making his selections.

French girls will take a long chance for a gold coin. If they should be caught they'd be fired. If I were caught I'd be hustled to the street and never again permitted to attend an opening.

A first class fashion pirate knows all of these little tricks and many more. Besides having a good memory she should have a nice idea of detail and be gifted with a sense of the silhouette. If she has these qualifications and is capable of putting them into a sketch she is valuable to her employer—can command from $4,000 to $10,000 a year.

What makes a great design? An indefinable something which appeals to a large number of women! That's about as close as I can come to a definition. Designers suggest, but smart women alone decide and shape the mode.

The unsung designers of Paris sometimes make a model which wins wide favor with American women. These often have employés who haunt places where American women are found in numbers. These "cappers," as the employés are called, approach a likely looking prospect, tell her of "a little shop where exquisite models may be bought at extremely low prices—models copied (in a whisper!) from the most exclusive French shops." If the American woman lends a sympathetic ear it is possible that she not only will get a bargain but that she will go back to the United States with gowns on which the big Parisian exporters would gladly put their labels.

FASHION piracy is looked upon as dishonorable only by the most exclusive importers, and they are few in number. The Parisian designer doesn't object as heartily as he might because he knows that in the long run he will gain by it. He knows that if one of his designs which is stolen becomes popular in the United States the American manufacturer will make a lot of money out of it and then will send his buyer to Paris to buy models from the house from which the successful design was stolen.

The exclusive American importer kicks against the pirate because he isn't keen about paying five hundred or six hundred dollars for an exclusive model and then sixty to ninety per cent import duty only to find that every other retail shop on Main Street has a good copy of it. But there is nothing they can do to stop such piracy—there is no law against it.

In New York we often come across a fashionable woman who has had her gowns made by some exclusive Parisian designer. We know most of the women who do, and we watch them like hawks.

Last winter I heard that one of our ultra-fashionable society women had just returned from Paris with an exquisite metal cloth model—the only one of its kind in the world. I got on the trail of this woman and followed her for days. I sat close to her in smart cafés. I watched her at the theater every time she wore that model. I was completely baffled by the way the bodice fitted. Then one night at the Ritz-Carlton she lifted her arms to arrange her hair! I was close enough to see every detail of how that bodice was made. I made my sketch before leaving the hotel.

There's a funny story in connection with that particular piece of piracy. The society woman referred to employs a social secretary who is quite a dresser. She saw one of the first copies of her employer's gown which we put out, was taken with it, and immediately ordered one.

She hadn't seen the creation her employer had bought in Paris—one that cost perhaps five hundred dollars. Imagine the consternation of both women a few nights later when they appeared, dressed for the evening, wearing twin gowns!

Even a fashion pirate herself is fair game for another fashion pirate. Last fall I bought two crêpe Roma day dresses while in Paris. They were rather pretty and quite exclusive as I had them made by a comparatively new designer. They had that little something about them which only the French seem able to create.

I wore one of them into a big manufacturer's office here in New York. Immediately the manufacturer and his designer became interested. He begged me to let him copy the model. I laughed at him, but I wasn't quite smart enough. While he was talking to me one of his pirates had made a sketch of my dress and in ten days every other girl I met on Broadway or Sixth Avenue had one just like it—in appearance.

An expert can detect the imitation with little difficulty. The French gowns are hand finished inside and out. The hems are run in by hand and the belts—if they have belts—are bound. In order to save time and money the American manufacturer turns them out by machinery. We use a picoting machine instead of finishing by hand. That's why the American manufacturer can put his goods on the market at popular prices. But the general effect is the same and—thanks to the fashion pirate and modern machinery—the woman of the small town can blossom out with her new spring, summer, fall, or winter dress on the same day that her French sister steps out on the boulevards of Paris.

We gamble a great deal more with dress fashions than we do with laces and embroideries. If Paris goes in for a certain kind of lace—gold, we'll say—we let the news spread here before we turn it out on a large scale. The difficulties of copying laces and embroideries are so numerous that piracy in this line hardly pays.

I HAVE been a fashion pirate for seven years—seven years of excitement, travel, and tears. Yes, tears! Every fashion pirate in the world—and there are thousands of 'em—will agree that tears are always just around the corner from a fashion pirate's smile. They are necessary—to avoid trouble when sharp eyed importers or designers catch us at work.

You saw tears today in front of Madame Frances' shop. They were tears of humiliation. I—an old timer at the game of stealing fashions from Fifth Avenue to place them on Sixth—was caught "with the goods." Rotten technique! Only novices get caught. But I dropped my pencil when the sketch was only half made. That was the tip-off. A sharp eyed saleswoman saw the pencil and knew I had been sketching a model. I was ordered out of the shop. That's humiliating. And the worst of it is they'll always remember me. I'll never get in at another opening.

But it's a great game. We have lots of fun and there's heaps of satisfaction in doing something that makes it possible for American women and girls of moderate means to be among the best dressed in the world.

THE END

THE OTHER GIRL GOT ALL THE ATTENTION

So Aurelia did a bit of research work, and the results were astonishing. There's pleasant reading as well as a moral for everybody in what she found out and how she applied her great discovery.

The story, written by *ELIZABETH JORDAN*, is called

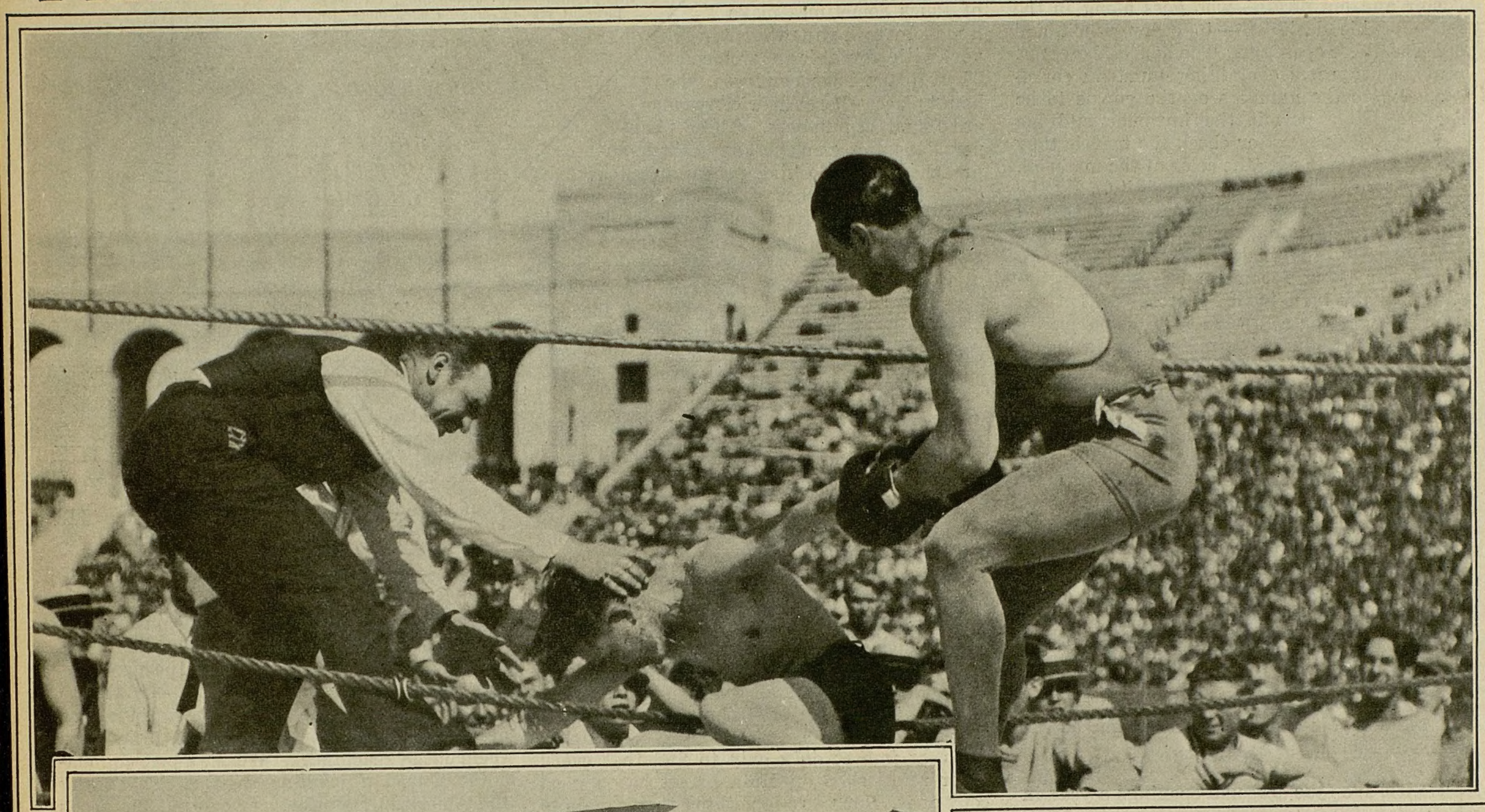
AURELIA CULTIVATES CHARM

ELIZABETH JORDAN

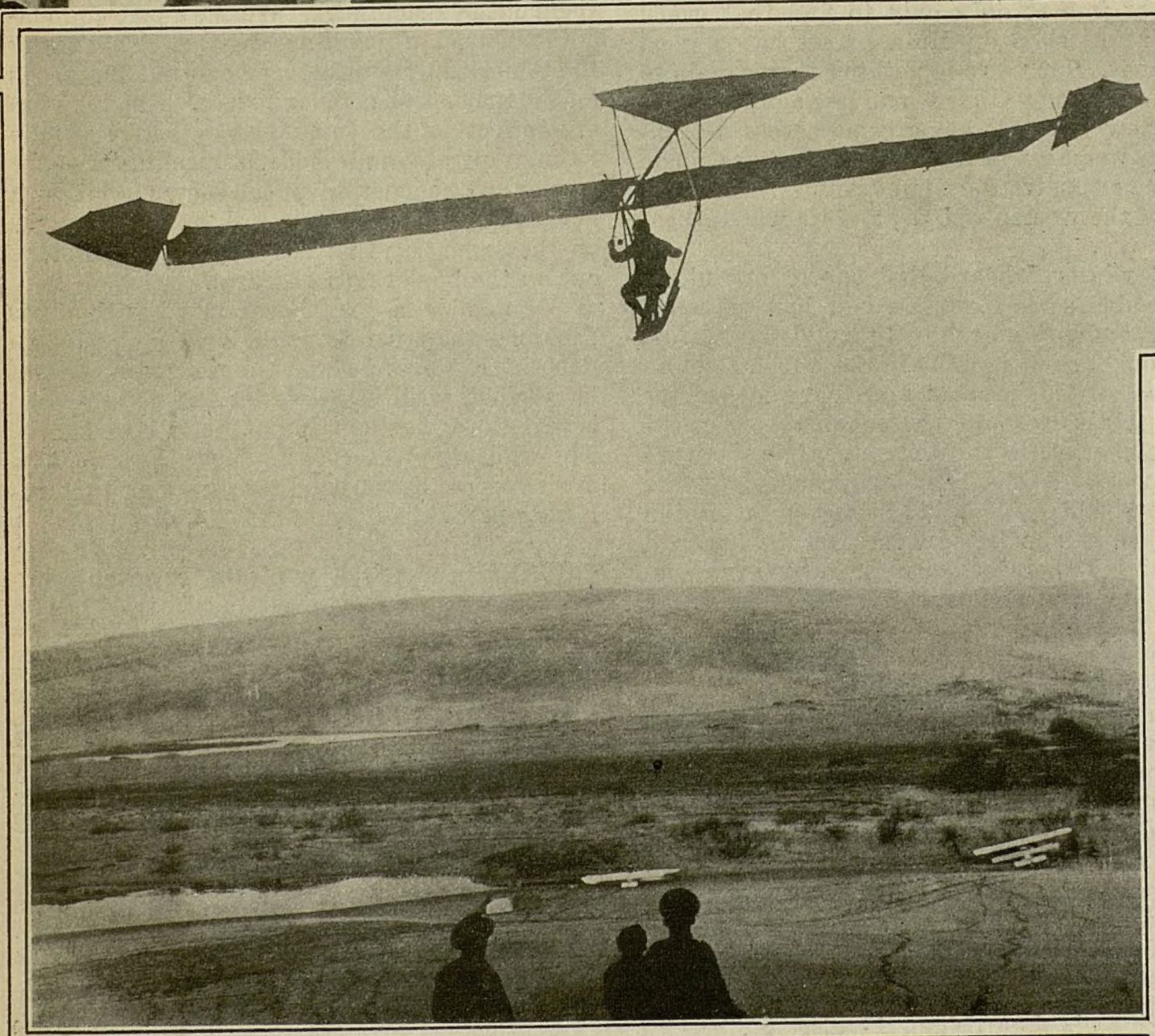
In the next issue of LIBERTY

WATCH FOR IT!

THREE FIGHTS A DAY FOR JACK!



JUST TO PLEASE THE HOME FOLKS, Jack Dempsey took on three ambitious young men—who were almost as promptly carried off—in a recent show out in Los Angeles. Can't you see our leading pommeler getting ready to call "Next!" as he satisfies himself that this contender has been properly attended to? Pacific & Atlantic Photo.



FOR EIGHT HOURS AND FORTY-TWO MINUTES Ferdinand Schulz, a German aviator, rode every vagrant breeze in the frail contraption above, thereby setting a new world's gliding record, in a trial held over the dunes north of Koenigsberg, Germany, recently. Seems quite intent on his work, doesn't he—as though he were wondering where the next breeze was coming from? Pacific & Atlantic Photo.

BEATS PADDLING, doesn't it? That's what G. F. Christopherson of Salt Lake City thought when he installed this engine and airplane propeller in his canoe. And it seems to catch the ladies' fancy, too!

SUMMER CALLS—AND THEY ANSWER!

WHY PRACTICE INDOORS when it's so lovely outside? That's what this girls' jazz band thought—so after their morning's calisthenics they finish training on a skyscraper roof. Kadel & Herbert Photo.

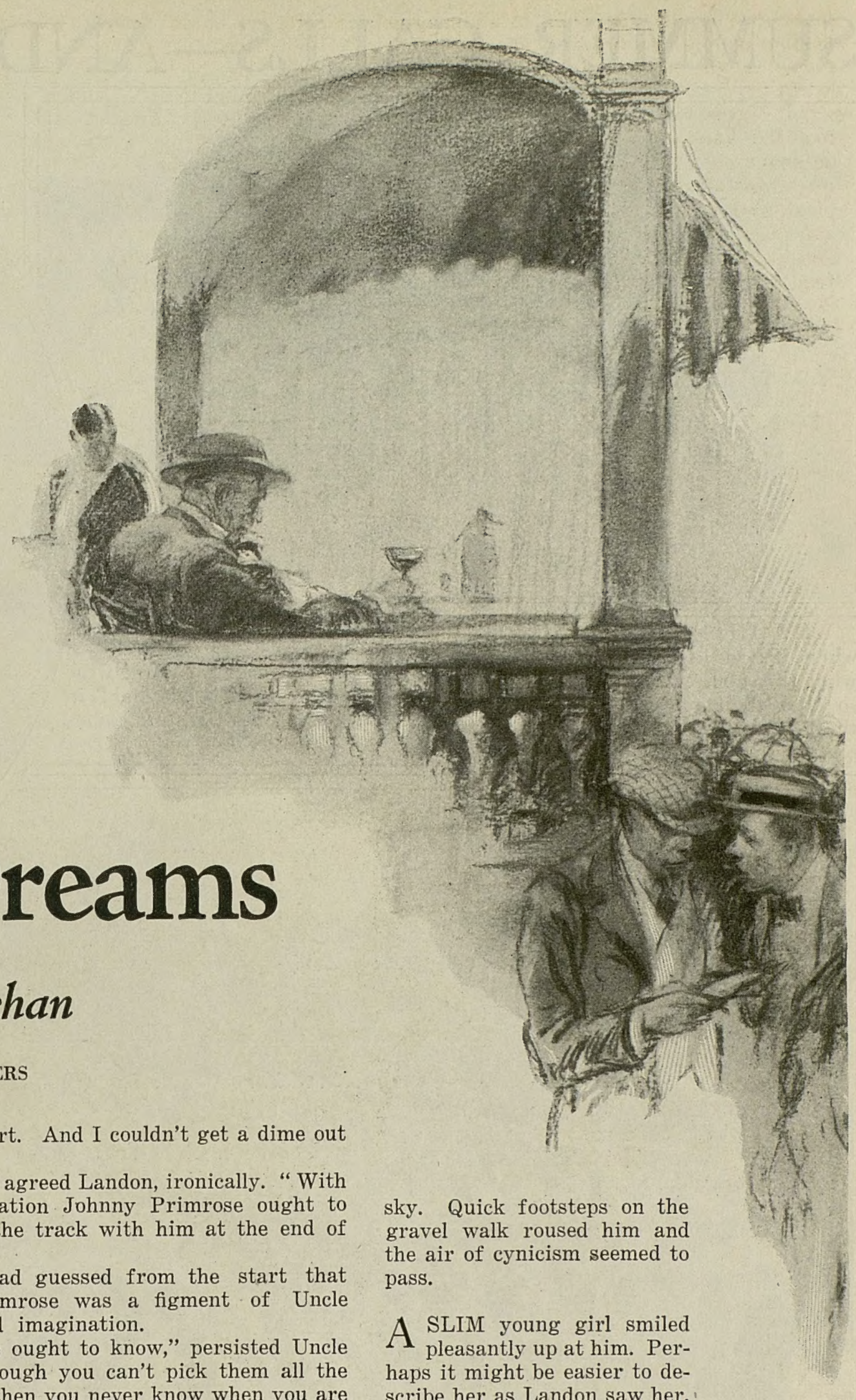
HERE WE SEE JOSE CARRERA, Mexico's fastest runner, winning the Marathon trials held in Mexico City for the Olympic games. Kadel & Herbert Photo.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS GO MARCHING"—and they're Philadelphia's finest, too, turning out for the eleventh annual field day of the Northeast High School, Philadelphia. Here come three thousand of them, marching on the field for a magnificent spectacle culminating in a huge mass drill. Incidentally, all of them are out of step except one. Can you find him? Wide World Photo.

Thundering Hoofs —Cheering Crowds

Saratoga in the Midst of the Racing Season—the Setting in Which Is Enacted This Thrilling Two-Part Story of

LOVE, INTRIGUE, and a WOMAN'S REVENGE



Valley *of* Dreams

By W. O. McGeehan

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

Part I

UNCLE BILLY PARKER pushed the lawn mower with impotent wrath. It was the height of the race month at Saratoga Springs. Ostensibly Uncle Billy was the proprietor of the Villa Parker, the ivy covered structure which stood behind the lawn, but it had been impressed upon him that very morning that he was only Aunt Lucy's husband. She had refused to give twenty dollars to him, and he had a sure thing at the track—a long shot. Not only that, she menaced him with a kitchen implement and ordered him to mow the lawn while everybody else in Saratoga, it seemed, was at the track.

Well, not everybody. A cynical young man with a pinched, pale face watched Uncle Billy dreamily from the veranda. The silver button on his coat lapel revealed that he was a World War veteran wounded in the line of duty. The pallor of his face and the occasional hacking cough indicated that he was a gas victim.

This was Dick Landon, song writer—one of those lesser minstrels who, in the parlance of the cult, had pounded the ivories from the Barbary Coast in San Francisco to Tinpan Alley in New York.

Uncle Billy dropped the handle of the lawn mower and walked rather shakily over to the veranda.

"Had a sure thing today," he complained. "Johnny Primrose gave me the tip. You know Johnny used to have a big stable himself. When Johnny gives the word you can bet your shirt. And I couldn't get a dime out of her."

"Tough," agreed Landon, ironically. "With this information Johnny Primrose ought to take away the track with him at the end of the month."

Landon had guessed from the start that Johnny Primrose was a figment of Uncle Billy's vivid imagination.

"Well, he ought to know," persisted Uncle Billy, "although you can't pick them all the time. But then you never know when you are going to make a killing."

Uncle Billy was one of those fantastic small bettors called hunch players. They disregard that mysterious information called "dope." They bet on impulse. For instance, if Aunt Lucy had shaken the broom at him, Uncle Billy, seeing the name Broomstraw among the entries for the day, would mortgage his soul to bet on that horse.

"Mr. Landon," pleaded Uncle Billy, "have you anything to drink?" There was a pleading look in Uncle Billy's eyes and he tugged nervously at his gray mustache.

"Billy, you want to get me into trouble with Aunt Lucy," said Landon with mock sternness. "But you will find some Scotch on my bureau. Take a good big one, but only one, mind, and tonight you can have one more."

Uncle Billy disappeared into the Villa Parker with great eagerness. The cynical young man lay back on the steamer chair and resumed his dreaming, staring upward through the branches of the elms at the cloudless blue sky. Quick footsteps on the gravel walk roused him and the air of cynicism seemed to pass.

A SLIM young girl smiled pleasantly up at him. Perhaps it might be easier to describe her as Landon saw her. At first glance he had said to himself, the kind of a girl they write songs about—Annie Laurie, The Maid of the Mill, Sweet Alice, any of them—only her hair is bobbed and none of the girls they wrote songs about wore bobbed hair. It might be done later, though. Landon rose and smiled back at her. This was Letty, orphan niece of Uncle Billy and Aunt Lucy.

"Well, as long as you didn't go to the races with the rest of them, we must have our concert," said the young girl.

"The orchestra waits, my lady," smiled Landon, and together they went into the parlor of the Villa Parker. Landon seated himself beside the battered upright piano.

"What shall it be?" he demanded.

"First I will dance, *mæstro*," she said. "And it will not be jazz. This afternoon I am an old fashioned girl. I will waltz. It shall first be the Blue Danube."

Landon laid his lighted cigaret on top of the piano and began to play a waltz. With

mock gravity the girl clung to an imaginary partner and waltzed dreamily about the shaded room. At the end she permitted herself to be led to the sofa by the phantom partner.

"It is too bad you cannot dance and play, too, Mr. Landon," she said. "If that could be done you might have the next dance with me. Now we shall sing this," Letty continued, picking up a frayed and faded sheet of music and placing it on the rack. It was a very old and sentimental ballad of another age. He read it through carefully, and after a few preliminary bars began to play and came to the lines:

"For I loved the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And she sleeps beneath the old arbor tree."

The girl's rather thin soprano quavered and she stopped suddenly and began to sob. Landon arose from the piano stool and looked at her, bewildered and nonplussed.

"You must pardon me," the girl said. "That was an old song of my mother's."

"Please, please Miss Letty," begged Landon. "Don't. It's my fault."

Then he battered into a lively jazz tune and the tears were dried.

Just then Uncle Billy thrust open the parlor door and ushered in two strangers. Uncle Billy, fortified by the visit to Landon's room, had recovered some of the dignity and poise he had lost in the operation of the lawn mower. He was once more the landlord.

"This is Mr. Landon, one of the boarders," said Uncle Billy, and rattled on, "and this is my niece, Miss Parker. She helps out during race month. But, of course, everybody in Saratoga helps out during race month, as you maybe know. Meals are served out on the screened porch except when it rains, which isn't often."

The prospective boarders impressed both Landon and Letty. Landon saw a pale woman of about forty, dressed rather as though she should have gone to the States Hotel instead of a rooming house, he thought. The woman's hair was decidedly gray, and prematurely, he guessed. And she had been a stunner once, he was sure.

"Class," he thought. "Class all over, but hiding from something or somebody."

Letty saw a young man who looked not in the least like the beaux of Saratoga, nor yet like any of the visiting racetrack followers or their friends. His speech was soft and his manner toward her seemed diffident to the girl who had known only the town boys and the followers of the ponies. He was John Covington, and the lady was his aunt, Miss Helen Covington. They would stay there for the remainder of the race month. Uncle Billy took them away to their suite. As he came downstairs again to take their checks to the railway station for their baggage, Uncle Billy paused for an instant at the parlor.

"There," he said, "she says I am no use around the place. Didn't I rent that suite, and didn't I get a good price for it, too? Ann Marrone won, too, at three to one, and she wouldn't let me have a dollar even to bet on it." Uncle Billy went out still grumbling.

"Where do you suppose those people came from?" asked Letty.

"South," replied Landon promptly. "Didn't you catch the accent? Maybe 'F. F. V.'s,' or maybe Blue Grasses come up with some horses. What a beauty that woman must have been once."

"She frightens me," said Letty.

"You needn't be frightened at her," said Landon, assuringly. "But I have a hunch that *somebody* has a reason to be afraid of her, and I would hate to be that person."

"I like the nephew, though," said Letty. "He has nice manners," she added weakly.

Landon smiled. "Even with a book on etiquette I don't think I could get his style," he said. "Don't be too hard on us rough diamonds from the rugged North, Miss Letty. I do hope, though, that you will not fire your concertmaster altogether."

"For that you go right upstairs to your room. I have to go to my work anyhow. I just almost forgot that I was only a working girl."

LANDON walked up to his garret room on the third floor and stretched himself languidly on his bed, still day dreaming, with the cigaret drooping from his almost bloodless lips. A knock at the door roused him, and he said, "Come in."

Young John Covington entered. "Don't get up," he pleaded. "I took the liberty because I saw the button. May I ask what outfit you were with?"

"First Division," replied Landon.

"Marines," said Covington.

Landon held out his hand. "Sit down, buddie," he said, "and I'll pour a couple of highballs. Close to Canada, you know. Hello! Uncle Billy took a good one, I'll say."

"Do you mind telling me just what sort of people stay here, as one ex-soldier to another?" asked Covington.

"Just the kind that follow the horses—rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves. You know what turf followers are."

"O, yes, I've seen them in various places," said Covington, easily. "In Maryland and Kentucky."

"Then that answers that," said Landon. "We have a tout, a plunger, a dopester, a bookmaker, a trainer, a few who just follow the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"He pressed his luck too far," the racegoers said of him. "Luck has turned against him. It will smash him yet."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

thoroughbreds for no particular reason, and some of their women folks. They have horse for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and when they go to bed they dream about horses, I believe."

"And the young lady, Miss Parker?" continued Covington. He seemed somewhat self-conscious.

"Buddie," said Landon, looking at Covington so searchingly that he flushed slightly. "Can't you see for yourself that she doesn't belong anywhere in the neighborhood?"

Landon quickly turned the conversation.

"Are you with the horses yourself or against them, as they say?" he asked Covington.

"I don't mind telling you that I am with them in a way," replied the southerner frankly. "My aunt and I have brought a horse here to run. But that is just what I wanted to see you about. We do not want the other people to be inquisitive about this. At the same time we do not want to offend anybody."

"That will be hard," declared Landon. "As you know, around the track everybody talks to everybody else about horse, horse, horse. If they ever find out that you're a horse owner they'll be on you. But I'll do what I can to keep them off. Got a good horse?"

"Well, we hope to win the Empire Stakes."

Landon looked at him amazed. "Now, I am not a student of the dope, as they say," he declared. "But do you know that The Hun is entered in that race? And The Hun is the season's champion, from what I have gathered in every conversation I have heard."

"Nevertheless," said the young man quietly, "we hope to win the Empire Stakes."

"Buddie," said Landon half humorously, "I ask you as a friend not to bet the old plantation on that."

"We're betting nothing," said Covington. "This is my aunt's horse from her own farm, and she merely wants to win the Empire Stakes."

"Does anybody up here know anything about this horse?"

"I don't think that they ever even heard his name. He is called Valley of Dreams."

Landon looked at him curiously.

"Queer sort of name," he commented. When Covington had gone the song writer opened his trunk and took from it some sheets of music manuscript. On the cover was written:

Valley of Dreams
A Waltz Song
By Richard Landon

"And that's one for the book," mused the song writer. "I thought I had that title all to myself. Well, the world is filled with valleys and the valleys are filled with dreams."

ROBERT D. WALTON, owner of The Hun, lived in one of the cottages at the States during race month. There were whispers to the effect that he was being pressed close to the wall by the inevitable run of hard luck which comes to hard livers and hard gamblers.

He was living, some said, by sheer force of his steel cold nerve. During the winter he had had a stroke. A group of physicians had told him there was no hope, whereupon he rose from his bed and remained on his feet. As the result of his stroke he walked with a slight limp and at times his steps faltered. When they did his face would become harder set than ever and he would hold himself erect by the sheer force of nerve.

At the track he sat at the same table each day, alone except when he was talking to his trainer or betting commissioners. Always there was a glass before him, and into it every now and then he would spill cognac from a silver flask. He was a steady and silent drinker, but the habit seldom showed in his almost bloodless face. He had the physique of an athlete gone to seed and a face which once had been handsome but had been turned to a mask of cruelty.

"He pressed his luck too far," the racegoers said of him. "Luck has turned against him. It will smash him yet."

Part of the prediction had come true. They jammed him in the Street. His family lived altogether apart from him. His fortune dwindled so rapidly that it might have alarmed anybody but Robert D. Walton. Nothing of this could be read in the man's face as he sat at the track or at the card table at nights.

Even this night, after a session with his lawyer, who warned him that a certain grand jury was about to close in upon him, Walton seemed almost bored at the end of the conference. The lawyer had left, wondering whether his client was a man of colossal nerve or a consummate actor.

"Either way, he has nerve," thought the man of the law. "It would take nerve to act that well."

Walton had summoned his trainer for nine o'clock. Hugh Fitzgibbons arrived on the minute. Walton had long since given up his old habit of holding conferences at the stables. He had the inordinately proud man's sensitiveness over the effects of his stroke. He walked about as little as possible. He chose to sit and wait with a sneer for the end that was closing in toward him.

The grizzled trainer slumped into the chair indicated. This was one man who could not be overawed by Walton. He was kept only because he was a good trainer, one of the best. He waited the fire of questions, quite calmly munching a quid of tobacco.

"Is The Hun ready for the Empire?" demanded Walton.

"He is," replied the trainer. "He will be at top form by Saturday."

"Any line on who will start?"

"Well, there will be the Whitney entry for sure, that Madden colt, Johnson's Plebeian, the Bootlegger's Special, and maybe one or two more. Then there is a colt up from the Bluegrass that I know nothing much about. Yes, sir, the Bluegrass has one in the race."

"Is the Kentucky horse any good? Do you know anything about him?"

"Not a whole lot. Just got in the other day. Big golden chestnut. Looks like Man o' War, they say; but more than one horse looks like Man o' War until the barrier goes up."

"No line on this one at all?"

"Well, Hogan had a look at him and said that he was a good race horse. You know Hogan claims he can tell by looking into their eyes. Damn fool thinks he can read a horse's mind. He buys horses by their eyes."

"He hasn't bought many bad ones, either," retorted Walton.

"I don't care what kind of eyes this horse has. If he can beat The Hun at a mile with Wiltsee up Saturday, he's a better horse than Man o' War, that's all."

"What else do you know about this Kentucky colt?"

Fitzgibbons pulled a slip of paper out of his pocket. He read, "Valley of Dreams, by Golden Dream, out of Happy Valley."

At that moment he glanced up into the face of his employer. One side of it twitched in a rather horrible fashion. This happened now and then to Walton since he had the "stroke."

"Yes," snapped Walton.

"The owner," continued the trainer, "H. Covington, Happy Valley Farm, Kentucky."

FITZGIBBONS leaped to his feet. Walton's face had become livid. He clawed the air, then reached for his glass.

"Feeling bad?" asked Fitzgibbons. "Shall I get a doctor?" A spasm passed through the frame of Walton, but he quickly became erect and self-possessed again.

"Damn it, no," he said. "I'm quite all right. Now, Fitz, I am going to bet a lot of money Saturday, more than I ever bet before. If The Hun loses I am going to sell every horse I have and quit the turf forever."

"The Hun can't lose," Fitzgibbons interjected firmly.

"Another thing. I want to find out all I can about the owner of this horse and the people with him. Get O'Brien and Harris to hunt through the hotel and through the Union, too, and find out all they can. I want to know what that owner looks like before the night is over. And everything else you can learn that might help."

"From the breeding, this horse comes from the Dream Boy strain. Say," demanded Fitzgibbons, "didn't you own Dream Boy once?"

If Fitzgibbons had been one of the sort to be frightened he would have cowed before the murderous look in Walton's face, but Fitzgibbons, ex-steeplechase jockey, feared nothing on four legs or two. He was merely surprised.

"Don't ask damn fool questions," snarled Walton. "Find out something for me."

With the resigned look of a jockey giving a fractious horse his head to let him run himself tired, Fitzgibbons picked up his hat and departed. Alone Walton slumped back in his chair staring at the ceiling while his face twitched from time to time. After a while the telephone bell rang.

"No, not tonight," he snapped. "Busy, very busy." Later he phoned for his car. "Out into the country to the other side of the lake," he told the chauffeur. The car rolled slowly through the traffic on Broadway and purred out along the road to the lake. When it had passed the seemingly interminable rows of summer camps Walton signaled to his chauffeur to stop.

Walton alighted and took a little path down to the water's edge. Seating himself on a log, he lighted a cigar and peered vacantly at the moonlit water. The lake lay in the bottom of a valley in the foothills.

Motionless, he sat there looking across the light mists that were gathering. And then something happened to him. He was carried through the mists to another valley afar off and long ago.

He saw two people in this valley. One of them was a slim young girl, beautiful and proud. She wore the old fashioned riding habit of that time and held the skirts gathered in one white hand. This valley, too, was lighted by a moon that shone through the light mists. There was a young man standing beside the girl. Walton knew him well, for that young man was himself.

He was talking to her. It was his own voice.

"Tomorrow I am going away, Helen," he said.

There was a puzzled expression on the face of the girl, who said, "But of course you will not be gone long."

Walton shivered as he looked at himself and listened to his own voice through the mists of the years.

"I am not coming back," he said.

The girl's face went white. She looked at him steadily as she swayed as though about to fall. But she did not fall. There was an angry red welt on the cheek of the young man. Walton involuntarily clutched at his own cheek. The girl had struck out with her riding quirt. He remembered the young man had said something to the effect:

"Impossible. A horse trainer's sister."

She did not become hysterical. She was horribly calm and quiet.

"You don't even deserve to be killed now," she said. "That will come later and I will be there to watch you die."

THE girl of Walton's vision faded into the mists. The young man rode out of the valley.

Walton was left shivering alone. He stumbled up to the road and floundered into his car.

"Back to the hotel," he ordered.

As he passed through the lobby he seemed like a man walking in a trance.

"Walton looks pretty bad tonight," somebody said.

"It's the pace," commented another.

"It's the luck leaving and the calamity gathering in on him," said one of the old turf followers.

Back in his room Walton drank feverishly, drank until that twitching of the face subsided and until his eyes were swollen and red rimmed. The telephone bell jingled. It was Fitzgibbons.

"Yes?" questioned Walton.

"Couldn't find out much," said the voice of Fitzgibbons. "Only thing I got a line on was something Hogan said. He told some people that the breeder of Valley of Dreams was a woman. That's rot, because there is only one woman horse breeder in the world. We can't find out much more, because the horse is in the Burgess stables and Burgess' trainer has as much use for us as you have for Burgess."

Walton put up the phone and settled into his big chair. Outside the hotel orchestra wound up the dance program with Home Sweet Home. A silence settled over the prisonlike old hotel structure.

The telephone bell jingled again.

"Yes?" he said, questioning. It was a woman's voice and Walton staggered with the telephone instrument in his hands.

"Do you remember the Valley of Dreams?" it said. Then a silence.

Walton wrenched at the hook savagely. "Yes, yes," said the telephone girl. "What is it?"

"Where did that call come from?" demanded Walton.

"What call, sir?" asked the voice of the girl.

"There was no call. You must be mistaken."

Almost with a groan, Walton laid down the instrument. He staggered to the chair and sprawled there shivering. He closed his eyes and slumped back. His valet stole in noiselessly and, after a glance at his employer, turned off the lights.

"Turn on the lights," screamed Walton. "Let them stay on. I don't want to be left in the dark. Damn you, let those lights alone and get out."

UNCLE BILLY sat on the porch steps of the Villa Parker a picture of dejection. The street was deserted. All the streets of Saratoga were deserted, for the races were on. Everybody was at the races, everybody but Uncle Billy, and a bluejay jeered at him from the branches of one of the elms.

Uncle Billy was waiting for tidings—not that the tidings concerned him financially; he had nothing but a mind bet at stake that day. Aunt Lucy had seen to that, but he craved even the psychological satisfaction of winning that mind bet.

There were signs of activity. A gray limousine whirled by, followed by other cars. The races were over and the cars went by in rapid succession. One of them stopped before the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Landon rose from the piano stool and looked at her, bewildered and nonplussed.

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E. C. Blue, manager of the barber-shop in the Ambassador Hotel at Los Angeles, says this:

"Some time ago, one of my customers from the East insisted on Wildroot Taroleum, and this was my first call. Since that time, the demand for this crude-oil hair-wash has increased rapidly. The reasons are obvious. Wildroot Taroleum gives all the benefits of a crude-oil shampoo without the disagreeable odor, and will not streak or discolor the hair."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

villa, and Jimmy Rowell, the trainer, and star boarder, stepped out.

"Who won the jump?" demanded Uncle Billy.

"Barry Shannon, in a walk," was the answer.

"I knew it," declared Uncle Billy. "Johnny Primrose told me he couldn't lose. There's another I would have cashed if she hadn't held out on me. Good price?"

"Six to one," said the trainer.

Uncle Billy raged. His wrongs were accumulating. He would assert himself one of these days.

Julius Wolf, the music publisher, followed. He was a tall, spare, dark man with a pair of cold green eyes, overdressed, self-satisfied. His diamond scarfpin was like a headlight, Uncle Billy thought.

"How did you do?" asked Uncle Billy.

"O, pretty good," said Wolf. "I win a couple of races. I don't try to beat them all. That's what the suckers do."

Benny and Moe returned on foot. Benny Kaplan had a small field book. He was round of face and body and seemed able to keep a smile even when his book was being belted and the customers departed from Saratoga abruptly, leaving tabs. They called these Kathleen Mavourneen tabs because it might be for years and it might be forever before they were taken up. Moe Rosenberg was angular and morose. He was a handicapper. He performed certain services for Benny's book and, in addition, he sold Rose's Special, an envelope which gave a daily winner that won more or less frequently.

Farrell and Mrs. Farrell arrived a little later, Mr. Farrell was a traveling salesman whose travels always took him to towns where the horses were running. He was taking the waters, not to the extent he took other liquids, and resting from the year's fatigue. Mrs. Farrell was blonde and inclined to be a bit shrewish.

"How did you do?" Uncle Billy asked politely.

"No good today," returned Farrell. "It was murder out there today, worse than Empire City on getaway day. I'm staying until tomorrow to get a look at The Hun and then I'm through buying oats for this year."

"I wanted you to go to Atlantic City," put in Mrs. Farrell.

"Aw, you can't pick them all the time," said Uncle Billy. "I'll get you a good thing pretty soon. I'm well acquainted with Johnny Primrose and when he gives the word you can put down the family jewels."

"Not if I know it," said Mrs. Farrell.

"DON'T it beat the Dutch how the ladies will knock the sport?" Uncle Billy commented. "You'd think the horses were their natural enemies. But when your horse comes down in front they stand for it all right."

Other boarders back from the race track reported to Uncle Billy tersely, "I win a few dollars." Or, morosely, "I lose a little." Finally all had reported and went to their rooms to prepare for dinner.

Alice, the red haired wife of one of the local policemen, rang a bell in the parlor and the boarders began to descend. Dinner was served on the screened porch on tables arranged to suit the inmates. Assisting Alice was a haughty young college girl, working there during race month and constantly explaining that she was just helping out. Letty made the third temporary waitress.

Benny and Moe were the first to take their places, Benny exchanging pleasantries with the girls, and Moe sitting morose and silent. Julius Wolf joined them at their table. Jimmy Rowell, his wife, and two children had a table to themselves. The Farrells had a small table at which they argued, sometimes acrimoniously, as they ate. The others were scattered about the dining room.

Landon was late and came smoking the inevitable cigaret. The race track jargon seemed to bore him. In this place they talked of nothing else. Last of all came the two new boarders and took their places at a table well apart from all the others. Young Covington smiled pleasantly at Letty, which brought a disdainful gesture from the college girl.

"Funny how I got the line on Justine," volunteered Wolf. "I just happened to be in the clubhouse when Madden was sending McAuliffe out to bet. When I heard the amount I just dashed up to Johnny Jerrod and got down."

Moe Rosenberg looked at him with melancholy disdain as he said, "I had that one myself. It was my special and I didn't need no information. The figures showed he was ten pounds the best horse. I told Benny not to take much of him."

Benny nodded in corroboration. "You sure did, Moe, and I saved something."

"Information, that's for suckers," continued Moe. "I wouldn't bet a dime on information. Form—that's something else again. Form is a business."

"Then why ain't you a millionaire?" demanded Wolf. "Form doesn't mean nothing when the jockeys can talk among themselves, does it? On form you should own Belmont Park, but you don't."

"That's right, too," said Benny with a smile. "If form was good in every race I should be in the poor house long ago, which I ain't so far from it yet."

The recently arrived guests from Kentucky became the subject of conversation.

"Say, I wonder who those people are and what's their game," said Wolf in a low tone. "They been here five days and they ain't spoke a word to anybody."

"Why should they?" demanded Landon. "Maybe they can't talk horse and nobody around here could understand anything else."

"All the same, I'd like to find out," persisted Wolf. "I think Letty knows them, especially the young fellow. I saw them out walking last night. Personally I don't like mysteries where I am living. I'm going to pump her."

"I WOULDN'T if I were you," said Landon quietly. Wolf was not a good reader of faces. The look in Landon's eyes might have deterred him if he had been. It was the look of a machine gunner adjusting his sights for wholesale killing.

"Why not?" asked Wolf.

Landon's face became just a shade paler and the steel gray eyes were like white hot needles. He burst into a paroxysm of dry coughing, which he checked with a struggle. "I wouldn't," he repeated.

Benny sensed a quarrel and averted it by restoring the conversation to its well worn channel. "Got the entries?" he demanded of Moe. "I want to see who's in the Empire." Moe handed him the printed slip and Wolf, bending forward eagerly, said, "Read them."

"I'll read them and maybe weep," said Benny airily. "Here they are, Broomwheat, Mikado, Iron Fist, Joe Bush, Knight Errant, Plebeian, The Hun, Valley of Dreams. I don't know the last one."

"It's a horse up from Kentucky," complained Moe. "Nobody knows anything about him. That's the trouble. How can a handicapper figure horses when he can't get their past performances? It ain't right."

"What price The Hun?" demanded Wolf.

"Wait till Moe gives me the figures," said Benny. "With Wiltsee up The Hun should be odds on."

"Valley of Dreams—what a beautiful name!" said Letty, who was standing near the table.

"That is the way with the ladies," said Benny. "A beautiful name or a pretty set of colors and they would bet all that their husbands or their poppers would give them."

"Never play nothing but the dope, Miss Parker," advised Moe solemnly. "And then be sure and get your figures from a good handicapper who is accurate about his business."

"Don't mind the pikers, little one," said Wolf loudly and offensively. "If you just say the word I'll put a good bet down for you on this Valley of Dreams. If he loses, all I ask is that you be my

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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

From a Portrait by O. G. Lundberg, especially posed for "Liberty"

"Shall I get a doctor?" A spasm passed through the frame of Walton, but he quickly became erect and self-possessed again.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

guest at the Lakeside. I'm a good sport, win or lose. Stick with me and you'll wear diamonds."

Covington turned to look at the speaker. The young man's face, frank and mobile always, was blazing with anger.

Landon again was afflicted with that hacking cough. Letty, embarrassed, slipped away into the kitchen.

"I'd like to see you in my room after dinner, Wolf," said Landon. "I've got a little business to talk over with you, a proposition that might interest you."

"Sure," replied Wolf. "Maybe you got a song I could buy. It is always a gamble, but nobody could say that I wouldn't take a chance."

"I don't like these dark horses," Moe was complaining to Benny. "I will be late with the figures tonight and my indigestion will be bad again."

Landon waited, sitting on the edge of his bed, with the cigaret drooping from a corner of his mouth. He was quite composed by this time. The ex-machine gunner was set for his prey.

"Come in," he said. "Sit down."

Wolf settled himself in a big chair, puffing a cigar. "Well, maybe you have a song I would buy. No mammy songs. No more southern stuff. I'm loaded with it."

"How much did you make out of that one you stole while I was in France?" demanded Landon.

"Now, what is the use?" replied Wolf. "The courts settled all of that. You was in the war, and business is business, and we won out."

"O, well, that doesn't matter anyhow now," said Landon wearily. "That wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about. First I wanted to tell you that the board at Saranac said that I had just six months to go."

"That's not so good," said Wolf, a little indifferently. "Of course, if you are broke I might do something if you write me another song like that Colleen of Mine."

"I am telling you this," snapped Landon, "for a reason. Six months from now I will not be here. I want to tell you this and let it sink in—if you ever say anything but 'good morning' to Miss Parker while you are here I give you my word that when I go to hell you will be there six months ahead of me."

Landon reached under his pillow and drew out a service pistol.

"Sit still," he said quietly. "Sit still and think."

The cigar dropped from Wolf's mouth and his face became ashen. His voice quavered as he said, "Mr. Landon, I give you my word. And, anyhow, I meant no harm."

"You understand then?" said Landon.

"Sure, I give you my word," said Wolf, cringing. "But, Mr. Landon, I want to tell you that you are wasting your time. I've been watching and this girl has got something on with this strange young fellow. I saw——"

"For God's sake, don't tempt me," said Landon, clutching the pistol until the pressure sent his knuckles white. "Get out while you are still alive."

Wolf dashed through the door. Slowly Landon opened his trunk and thrust the weapon back into it. He was very calm again, and the pale face had become wistful.

"I hope so," he muttered. "They are two living people, and I am on the last long mile to the Valley of Dreams." The cough caught him again cruelly, and he staggered over to the open window for air. He came back quickly. Letty's voice was saying, "We'll be back early, Aunt Lucy."

He buried his face in the pillow to stifle the coughing.

It was a warm and languorous night, with the full moon in a misty sky. Quiet settled over the Villa Parker, which was many blocks from Broadway, where the racetrack followers surged or gathered in little knots on the corners whispering. Racegoers habitually are secretive.

Most of the inmates of the Villa Parker were somewhere about Broadway. Up in his attic room Moe Rosenberg labored with his handicapping, with his little book of past performances and his scratch pad. He added, subtracted, and multiplied in a dejected fashion. Benny had left him to mingle with the crowds and to add to the gayety of "The Spa."

In Part II of this swiftly moving story of love and mystery, the author takes us to the greatest race of the Saratoga season, the Empire Stakes. There, amid the cheering thousands, Walton stages his great gamble with fate, and horses and story alike thunder to a whirlwind finish that you will not soon forget.

Be sure not to miss Part II of "Valley of Dreams."

WHAT CHANCE HAS MAISIE?

By Burns Mantle

The girls she meets advise her how easy it is to start a credit account.

A Frank and Penetrating Article on the Price Which Broadway Exacts from Girls It Permits to Succeed, Written by a Recognized Authority on the Stage and Its Affairs

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

THIS is the story of Maisie Brown, and lest there be a Maisie Brown in your town, as I suspect there is, I hasten to add that the name has but this moment sprung, full-voweled and euphonious, from the typewriter.

I know your Maisie Brown through knowing my Maisie Brown, a statement that, I'm hoping, will appear more lucid later on. But I assure you (and Maisie) that they are not the same person. No, indeed. They may be spiritual sisters, in a way. They may even be sisters under the skin. But otherwise they are no more closely related than the forty-second cousins of the Abner Smiths.

This is the story of a Maisie Brown who lived not a thousand miles from St. Louis, Missouri, in a university town of some twenty thousand souls, counting the bootleggers as voting citizens.

Maisie always was what the neighbors call a good girl and gifted. Even as a round-eyed child her rendition of "Wing-a-wound-a-wosie," I'm told, had more feeling than that of her playmates, and when she sat kerplunk on the grass as a concluding feature of the game she did so with such enthusiasm and such complete abandon it was not unreasonable that the neighbors should even then suspect she would one day go on the stage. If she didn't, she oughta.

A YEAR ago Maisie came to New York. It was her first intention to pay her way through a dramatic school course. But her capital was limited, her confidence was strong, and she had read somewhere that David Belasco, or Edgar Selwyn, or A. H. Woods, or

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some one had said that he had much rather teach a girl of intelligence to act "from the ground up," as it were, than spend days undoing what the dramatic school had done to "spoil" her, not for the stage but for the particular stage work he had in mind for her.

So she went boldly forth in search of a job. We'll skip that part of her story, too. Through a girl friend who had been given a position she met a director and through him she got an understudy job for half a season.

Then she fell sick. She was discouraged. Her money gave out and she wrote home for carfare. She was, she admitted, beaten. Not, she said, because she had lost faith in her ability to act. Nor because she lacked courage to go on and take her chance. But—and here's the nub of this story—because she was "unwilling to pay the price." Any girl, wrote Maisie to her father in the letter he afterward sent to me—any girl who was willing to sacrifice herself to the demands of the men with whom she came in contact could "get along" in New York. Even she. But, not being that kind of a girl, she had rather give up her career, or, gathering new strength at home, have a new try at it when she was well again.

Maisie went home. A week or ten days of the old-fashioned nursing set her on her feet and she resumed her place in her crowd. The story of her Broadway adventures was told and retold. And, while Maisie was careful not to say so in so many words, though she probably was familiar with all the words necessary, the girls all knew, the boys suspected, and the fathers and mothers were certain that Maisie could have had one of the leading positions in one of the most prominent theatrical companies in New York if—followed by whispers, ohs, ahs, and yes-yes-go-ons!

And that was Maisie's alibi.

It is the alibi of ninety per cent of the Maisies who fail to, as the profession has it, "make Broadway."

I DO not say in this Maisie's case it may not have been a true alibi. I know it is a good one. But I do say that I do not believe it to be true—not more than one time in a hundred.

Not because I hold in high esteem all the theatrical managers I know. I don't. Nor because I am one to take lightly the lurking dangers of this most tempting and most dangerously insidious of the cities. Nor because I am foolish enough to believe there are no Maisies hereabout who stayed on in place of sending home for money and are now working and wearing moleskin coats.

But because from out an experience that has been fairly intimate with the theater and theater people, with Maisies successful and Maisies beaten, with managers vile, and managers villainous, and managers as honest and true-principled as any other class of men I have met, I have come to believe that what happens to Maisie is very largely up to Maisie herself.

I did not write exactly those words to Maisie's father. He may read them now for the first time. But after I had sent a letter to him of that general import I began a new investigation to satisfy myself that I was right.

Did you ever play the percentage game as a means of establishing a sense of reassurance? If, for instance, you are invited to take an aeroplane ride over the city and you begin to think that this will probably be the time engine trouble develops, and you or the plane wind up impaled neatly but uncomfortably on some church spire, then you force before your wobbling vision the table of percentages and learn that four thousand and six aviators have traveled three billion miles and landed safely. Immediately you are reassured and decide—not to take the chance.

Same way with railroad wrecks. Or steamship founderings. Or subway crashes. How few are killed compared with the number that might be killed!

So I figured a table of percentages for the theater managers.

There are not more than fifty of them in positions to give the appealing Maisies jobs.

Not more than half of these are actively engaged in casting plays at any one time.

AND there are so many Maisies! Literally thousands! Therefore, if every manager ran a secret harem, and every harem had more members than there are positions in any one manager's gift, and every Maisie were a weak sister, there would still be several thousand careers to account for.

True, this does not include all the stage managers, or all the boastful, wicked and handsome sheiks who would be actors if God had not spent so much time on their outsides that, in his hurry to finish them off, he was forced to use a sort of brain amalgam. Or all the press agents, play brokers, and actors' agents. But they are only the head clerks and secretaries, so to speak. We are talking about the more dangerous floorwalkers and bosses.

Next I determined to talk informally with the managers themselves, just to get a definite line upon their personal reactions to the one charge they hear lodged against them most frequently.

To each of them I put this hypothetical question: "You are living in a certain town. You are a fairly prosperous small town merchant. You have a daughter, eighteen. She is, so your wife, your relatives, your friends, and your own judgment tell you, both gifted and pretty. She wants to go on the stage. She insists upon it. Knowing what you do of the pitfalls and the snares, the temptations and the opportunities of 'the game,' which, we will assume, you got from going to the movies, what would be your attitude? And what do you think her chances would be of remaining what is known as a good girl?"

Their answers were as alike as answers could be, coming from men of widely different tastes, temperaments and opportunities. Being father to Maisie they would let her go, knowing that one of two results was bound to follow: Either she would go anyway, or she would not go, and forever blame her unhappy parents for blighting her life. If, they contended, she was fashioned by nature and the gods for a stage career she would find one and be successful without paying a higher price than the sort of struggle that crystallizes genius. And if she was not, the only way she could possibly find out the truth would be by actual contact with conditions as they exist.

"LISTEN to me," said one who probably employs as many dramatic actresses a year as any of them. "In the studio in there is a girl who came in this morning. She has not had enough experience to count, but she has looks, ambition, personality, and she happens to be a type I'm looking for. If she can act—if she can play the part I've got for her—I'll pay her one hundred and fifty dollars a week—and save two hundred dollars. Because I couldn't get the actress I want for less than three hundred and fifty dollars. If she can't play the part I don't want her at any price."

"But—you might get her for less than one hundred and fifty dollars—or, taking a fancy to her, you might induce her to take more than a purely commercial interest in you and your enterprise."

"Why? For what good reason? If I pay her less than one hundred and fifty dollars she will feel cheated within a week of her appearance, if she makes good. Which means trouble for me. If I were foolish enough to make any other arrangement with her I would have her on my hands for years, with trouble brewing every minute. Nothing will disorganize your own company quicker than a 'favorite' in the cast, and nothing will bring down upon you such embarrassing requests for return favors from other managers as the request that they do something for a little friend of yours."

I could, he assured me emphatically, accept it from him that no Maisie was ever in danger from any employing theatrical manager of this generation in New York, not because they (the managers) have grown holy, but because they have grown wise.

IN the office of a manager whose reputation is international as an employer of beautiful women I found a letter that I convinced myself was bona fide before taking from it this extract:

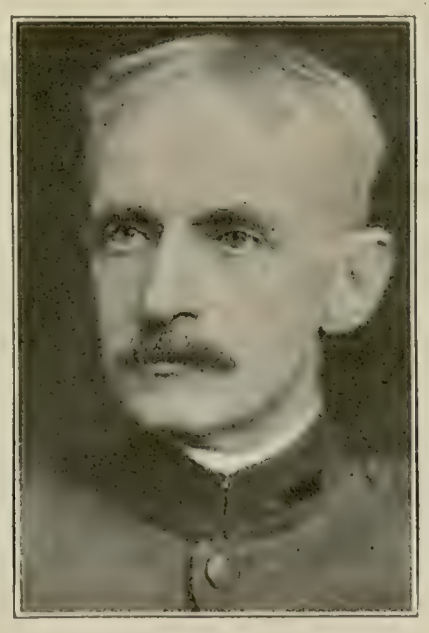
Of course, everybody thinks they can do something on the stage, and, while I don't consider myself a knockout in any field, I am told I look very well, I can sing, and I could easily learn stage dancing. However, there is one drawback, according to all reports, and that is that I am known as a good girl, and I am afraid I could never be anything else, no matter what it might mean to me. Having said all this, do you think there would be any chance for me to get an engagement, even in the chorus?

It was one of many. Pigeonholes stuffed with them, though with few as intelligently writ-

So the Cabinet Waited

while President Roosevelt jumped through a window of the White House to get a better view of a Kentucky warbler. Everyone, no matter what his standing, had to wait when T. R. wished to talk to birds. Edward B. Clark tells all about it in an article in the next issue of LIBERTY entitled—

Roosevelt and His Bird Friends



EDWARD B. CLARK

She met a director and through him got an understudy job.

ten or as frank as this one. And yet, out of one thousand seven hundred personal and written applications for jobs made to this manager last season only eighty-two were successful. And he makes the boast that although he does not feel that he has any right to pry into the private lives of the young women he employs, there never has been a girl in his company who has not retired immediately her name has become associated with any scandalous story.

A third, and the sanest analyst of the lot, agreed with the others as to the helplessness of Maisie's father. But Maisie, he admitted, would be in danger in New York from the moment she landed. Not from theater managers, who have enough "women troubles" without seeking more, but from the hangers-on of the stage. And, most of all, from the other Maisies.

"Maisie can—if she will—assuming that she has an allowance from home sufficient to pay her modest way—beat both the theatrical and the New York games," he said. "But

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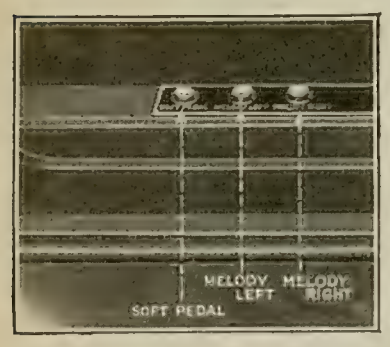

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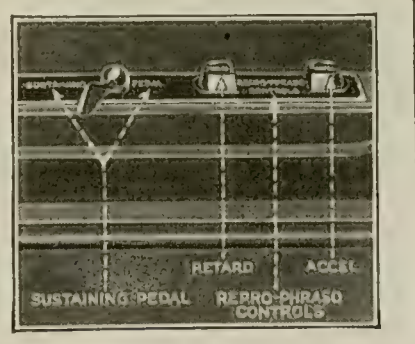

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

let her beware. Let her beware of the other Maisies, the last year Maisies, she meets. And let her beware of the advisers from the sidelines, the bespatted morons who have a fingertip hold on some part of the theater world.

"Let her not listen to them when they offer to teach her 'life,' for the good of her career. She need have no fear of any of the men who really can help her. But the girls she meets, and rooms with, and plays around with; the girls who dress better than she and go to parties, and beg her to go, and advise her as to how easy it is to start a credit account at the store and fix herself up. And later, how easy it is to let some man outside the profession pay the bills—merely as a friend.

"These are the influences that get Maisie into trouble. And when she must carry or send an explanation of some sort back to the home town, what more natural than that she should blame the profession? Or, overcoming these temptations but still not succeeding, what more natural than that she should still blame the profession? Didn't the other girls get on somehow?

"It is foolish to contend that any man's daughter would not be in more danger in the theatrical circles of New York than she would be anywhere else. She would. The temptations are greater, the standards of conduct are lower.

"FURTHERMORE, if you could hear some of the Maisies talk! The new economic freedom of women has given them something more than the courage to join the Lucy Stone League. It has broken down the last inherited safeguard the sex possessed. Grandmother's ideas we know are as passé as the crinolines she wore. Mother's notion that chastity and a clean mind are their own rewards is openly flouted by every other flapper you meet. And the daughters of the present think nothing of openly admitting that, whatever their own convictions may be, they can quite understand the attitude of the Maisie who trades sex for professional advancement and takes her chance of driving a good bargain. None ever does drive a good bargain—we know that—but who is going to convince Maisie?"

He was not cynical. He was not even viewing with alarm. He was truthful, and he spoke of convictions gained from everyday observations.

What, then, are we to decide?

What chance has Maisie, pretty and gifted, to come to New York and find herself a position on the stage without sacrificing the peace of mind and conscience that permits her to look straight into her mirror without flinch or twinge?

And we find that we are right back where we started from: It all depends on Maisie. If she is truly gifted she has talent to sell, and this is the greatest, if not the only, market in these United States for the sale of that kind of talent.

If she has what the profession knows as "personality"—the something, a prominent actors' agent explained to me, that "clicks" when he meets an applicant—she has a chance of running plump into a part suited to her type needed by the first stage director she meets. Or she may wander for months without finding it.

NO one will deny that Fay Bainter, for instance, past star of East Is West and The Willow Tree, past favorite of western stock companies, present star of The Other Rose, and greatly beloved of a large public—no one will deny that Miss Bainter is gifted or that her personality would "click" in any company.

And yet Miss Bainter made three heart-breaking trips to Broadway before any one noticed her. Three times she tramped from office to office like any novice, even though she had a fine stock company record back of her. Three times she "went broke" waiting, and went back to "stock" until she could save more money. Once or twice she got an extra place. Once, I believe, she went on in the chorus of a musical piece that failed. But three times she was forced to acknowledge humiliating defeat.

Little Mary Hay, on the other hand, walked into the Ziegfeld offices with a letter from friends of her family—an army family living in Washington, D. C. Mary is one who registers "cuteness" on sight. Noting her diminutiveness and her twinkling smile, Mr. Ziegfeld, a past master at selection, put her in the chorus of the then popular Midnight Frolic. She learned to dance. A few months later she was in the front row—and also in the newspaper reviews. When Sally was produced the following season she was given a small part which she spoke amateurishly but danced cleverly, and again the public approved. A better part in Marjolaine followed, and this season she is a featured member of the Mary Jane McKane cast. From obscurity to practical stardom in three seasons, and she still is only nineteen!

That, naturally, is the sort of adventure that turns Maisie's head. Asking her to remember the struggle Fay Bainter had—or Jeanne Eagels, or Lenore Ulric, or any one of a dozen others I could name—does no good. She immediately visualizes herself as, potentially, another Mary Hay. Even though she may weigh one hundred and fifty and have difficulty in controlling a squint.

THE END

John Barrymore

in

"BEAU BRUMMEL"

BEAU BRUMMEL

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Harry Beaumont.

THE CAST

George Bryan Brummel	*John Barrymore*
Lady Margery Alvanley	*Mary Astor*
Lady Hester Stanhope	*Carmel Myers*
Mortimer	*Alec Francis*
Duchess of York	*Irene Rich*
George, Prince of Wales	*William Louis*
Lord Alvanley	*William Humphries*
Lord Stanhope	*Richard Tucker*
Lord Byron	*Andre de Beranger*
Lord Manly	*Michael Dark*
Lady Manly	*Claire de Lorez*
Desmond Wertham	*Templar Saxe*
Mrs. Wertham	*Clarissa Selwynne*
Lady Margery's Maid	*Carol Holloway*
Snodgrass, Innkeeper	*James A. Marcus*
Mrs. Snodgrass	*Betty Brice*
Mr. Abrahams	*Roland Rushton*
Timothy	*C. H. Chaldecotte*
"Poodle" Byng	*John R. Richardson*
Parkyns, Valet of Prince	*F. F. Guenste*

"Farewell forever, my own—(true?) love!"

By Frances Peck

HELLO! How are you?

I thought you'd be interested in reading about "Beau Brummel" with John Barrymore, so I made a pilgrimage to see the picture for you.

It's really a photoplay that you shouldn't miss. No need to tell you that Mr. Barrymore can act. That's understood. But he does a little more than that, in his characterization of this famous figure of fiction.

He shows up the gracious, graceless, bootlicking dude—favorite of a king—in a manner that leaves no doubt in your mind that Beau Brummel, no matter what his peccadillos or eccentricities, at heart is a very great gentleman.

"No man is a hero to his valet" (have I the quotation right?), they say. Well, the Beau Brummel of John Barrymore's making is a hero to his valet *only*.

To the woman who loves him? After all she JUST loves him. That isn't, of course, all things considered, making a hero out of a man—is it?

When the story opens George Bryan Brummel, of his majesty's army, is in love with the daughter of a tradesman rotten with money. This inestimable gentleman, quite willing to exchange his entire daughter and a reasonable amount of his gold for a title, has betrothed her to "a gentleman." (My dears, the King is to come to the wedding!) George Brummel and his Margery say a heart-breaking farewell on her wedding night, in a garden where the director makes you feel the air is heavy with the sad scent of tuberoses.

From then on George is "Beau." Out for himself. Flattering the fool of a King until that individual not only adores, but imitates and trails the handsome Brummel. Women go wild, simply wild, over him. He tenderly endures them ONLY. His heart, you see, is with the Lady Margery, who is the wife of another.

And so, with his keen mind and intuitive understanding of ignoble human foibles he lives, day by day. Outwardly a tailor's dummy. Inwardly—in a manner he gets across to you magnificently, a splendid creature enduring hourly, exquisite agony.

I sha'n't tell you the ending of the picture.

Of course "Beau Brummel" is another of those "costume pictures" so long taboo. But it is so very WELL costumed, so well acted, directed and photographed that—please see it when it comes to your town, will you?

See you next week!

Next Week

"The Signal Tower"

(The best picture Universal's turned out in a long time.)

FANS' SAY SO

Come right out and tell the world!

Delores: I don't know what Charlie Chaplin eats for breakfast. Whatever it is, I imagine it agrees with him fairly well, so don't be sorrowful about it. Lita Grey is his new leading woman. Gossip has it that he will merely direct Edna Purviance in the future.

* * *

New Reader: You mustn't ever feel that it's a trouble to come to this magazine with your questions. This department is devoted to what the fans want to say and to answering their various queries. Sometimes we're a little short on space, so you will have to wait a while—but keep on coming. Your letter and question are on file and you are not forgotten.

* * *

Friend: If I told you all I know then you'd know all I know besides all you know, and THAT added to all you THINK you know—would be too much. Just keep on guessing. Ain't you got fun?

* * *

Maud: Yes, every day in every way you'll see it grow better and better. Thanks for your kindly letter of encouragement. Milton Sills is said to be fond of reading. I've seen pictures of his library—with him in it.

* * *

Walter S.: Not if your picture looks like your letter reads.

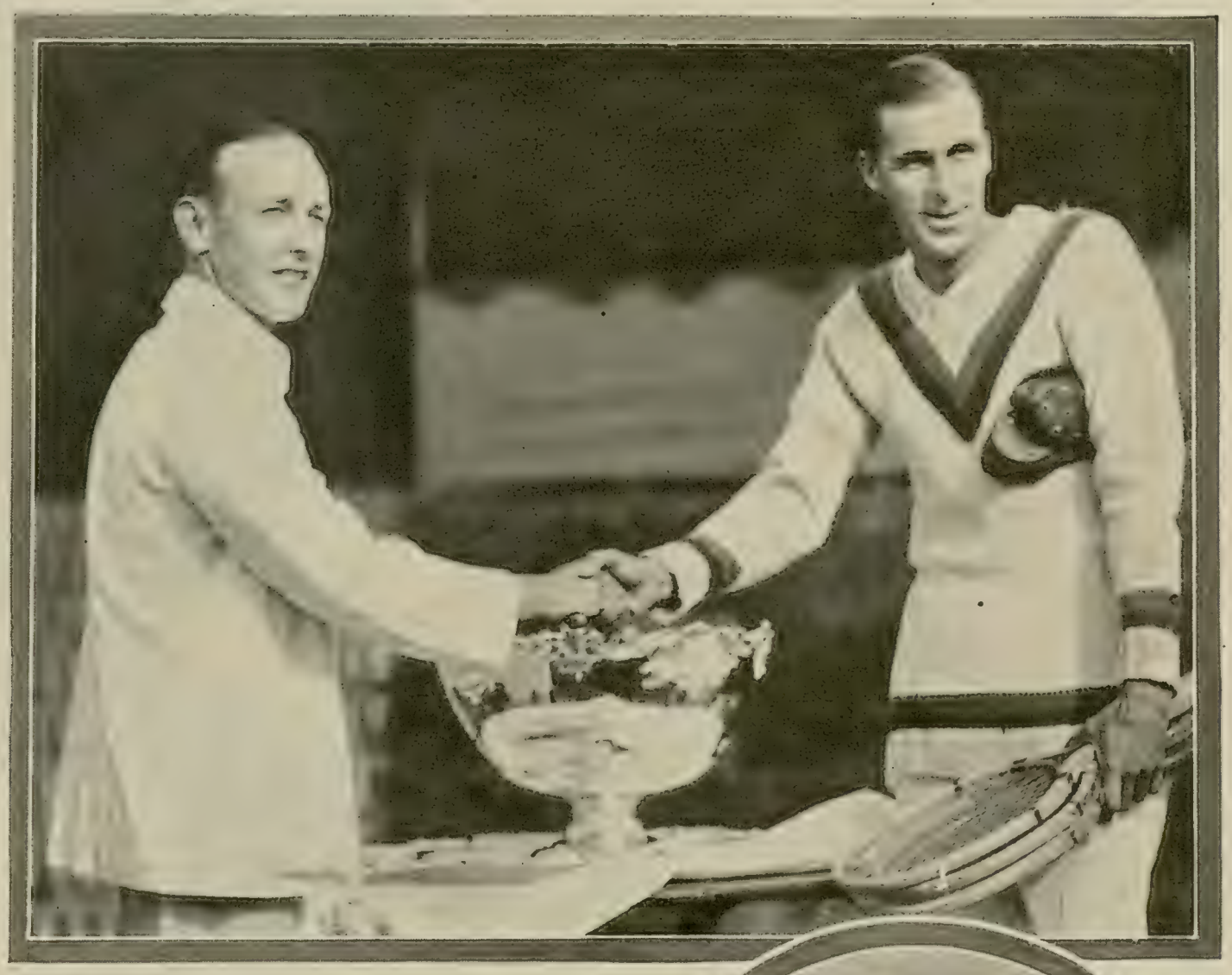
My HIGH SPOTS *In* TENNIS!

In Which

William T. Tilden 2d

National Champion and Member of Former Davis Cup Teams

Reveals Method of Training and Playing the Game



P. & A. Photo

Tilden shakes hands with John B. Hawkes of Australia (left) after defeating him in a championship match.

TILDEN'S SHOTS OVER THE NET

Never allow your sport to become your master. Staleness is usually mental, not physical.

No man can succeed consistently who is not in good condition, mentally and physically.

False stimulation will not carry a man to victory over a period of time. Most great matches are swung by reserve strength in the pinch.

Training is nothing more serious than leading a normal life which will keep a sound head on your shoulders under all circumstances.

ONE seldom realizes one is touching the high spots of one's life until they are passed and one looks back on them in the quiet, calm meditation of advancing years. From the sere and yellow of my twenty-fifth tennis season (I was quite young when I took up the game) I am baring my soul of its inmost thoughts to tell a waiting world (waiting, but not for this) of the matches I consider the high spots of my tennis career.

The first one I recall clearly was in 1901. The place was Onteora Club in the Catskill Mountains. The enthusiastic gallery consisted of my mother, my hated rival's mother, our respective brothers, and Miss Maude Adams—or should I say *Peter Pan?* The reason I recall this as my first great match is because I defeated my ancient and honorable opponent, 6—0, 0—6, 19—17, and won my first cup. I was seven years old. From then until the present I have passed through the fire of nearly twenty years of dubdom and five years of international competition, during which time victory and defeat have met me impartially and frequently.

I am asked frequently which match I regard as the greatest I ever played. I answer at once, "The match I played Billy Johnston in"—and then I pause. Which one of the matches against Johnston is my greatest match I cannot say. One moment I believe it was our meeting in 1919, when he defeated me in the finals of

Edwin Levick Photo

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON

the United States championship. Then I recall 1920 when I turned the tables. Certainly 1922 with its bitter struggle in the final round of the championship singles, when Johnston seemed certain of victory, only to falter with it in his grasp, must rank with the best matches of my life.

I cannot claim any strong conviction as to which match I would pick, although I lean to the 1922 meeting, but unreservedly I say, "The match I played Billy Johnston in" as a partial answer.

PERHAPS the most dramatic, from the standpoint of the spectator, was that match of 1922, regardless of the quality of tennis played. The spectators were on more of a strain, if possible, than the players, and really gave me some relief from the tension.

I remember at one point, with the victory in the balance, there was a sudden silence and a woman right behind the screen said, in an agonized voice, "O, my God!" And, in spite of the situation, I was able to laugh.

Those who witnessed the match will remember one shot I made. I reached the ball in a desperate effort not expecting at all to get it back, and it lobbed high over Billy's head. It might as well have gone over the back wall, but dropped inside, completing an "impossible" shot. Just then, while I still was reeling toward the backstop, a man just inside the wire jumped from his seat and screamed:

"He's a liar! He didn't do it. No one could do it."

The closest call of my tennis career was the challenge round of the world's championship at Wimbledon, England, in 1921, when I defeated B. I. C. Norton, 2—6, 1—6, 6—1, 6—0, 7—5, after he led me, 3—5 and 30—40, in the final set.

This was another case where the ultimate loser underestimated the reserve of his opponent. I went on the court known to be a sick man. I was but one week out of the hospital from an operation that, while not very serious, was at least weakening. I had been ill for over a month. My own doctors, my general practitioner and my surgeon did not believe I could last two sets. I was convinced I could not. Norton was even more certain of it. He ran away with the first two sets while I sought to recover some semblance of nerve. I had my first and only attack of stage fright.

I gradually improved and when I went into a lead in the third set Norton foolishly threw it away, convinced I could not last out the match. He was nearly correct. I put all I had in the fourth, which Norton could not stop, but the reaction came in the fifth. Norton pressed on with confidence, reaching match point at 3—5, 30—40. We played a bitterly contested point, which finally resulted in my driving off my backhand down his forehand side line.

I was so certain that my shot was going out I started to the net to shake hands and congratulate him on the championship. The ball fell on the line. Norton was so surprised he drove out on his return, when any shot would have defeated me if it had landed in court. The respite saved me and afforded a stimulus that carried me on to victory on the crest of the wave of my final reserve.

P. & A. Photo

Action personified. Tilden stops a high one.

B. I. C. NORTON
P. & A. Photo

Tactics, Strategy, Courage, the Fighting Spirit—Not Shots—Win Tournaments

—Says Tilden

MOST tennis players and all tennis critics are prone to take a match at its face value without inquiring into conditions attending it. What is a great match? Most persons will claim it is one in which both men play good tennis to a close, exciting finish. I cannot agree. To me a great match is one in which the elements of drama exist. It must have personality, magnetism, individuality, not merely mechanical perfection and cleverness.

One of the greatest matches of my career, the one in which I personally believe I reached the peak of my tennis game, one which I regarded as hard fought and well played, I won by the score of 6—0, 6—0, 6—2. This match (against Manuel Alonso in the 1923 American championship) had color and personality, due to Alonso's game fight against, for once, a flawless game.

On the other hand, I regard my defeat by Johnston in 1919, in three straight sets, one of my great matches, because Johnston, by sheer artistry, prevented my playing good tennis when I was actually capable of playing at the top of my game, if he had not tied me in knots by his own superlative game. It was a magnificent exhibition by Little Bill.

A great player who is defeated in an important match is usually as good as the victor allows him to be, a point which very few spectators realize. Many times, after I have been defeated, people have come to me in all sincerity and told me that I lost because I was off form. Actually I had lost because the other man played so well he did not allow me to play my game, not because that game was off form.

Most great matches are swung by reserve in the pinch.

BILLY JOHNSTON is just as great a tennis player, if not greater, than I. By that I mean he has a technical equipment which is fully as sound as my own. Johnston is a "go-getter." He goes out and gets every match by as small a score as possible. The comparison of the scores made by Johnston and myself on our march to the final round of the championship in 1922 gave Johnston a distinct edge on me. Yet we arrived at the same place with Johnston slightly worn mentally and physically.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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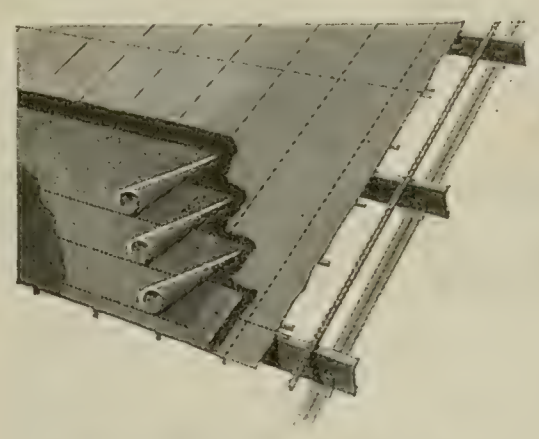

TYPE 1-S
Widths—32-40-48-50-60-65
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TYPE-1-Widths—8-12-16-20-24-28

TYPE 2
Widths—40-48-50-56-60
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

TYPE 3
Widths—56-60-64-68-72-76-80-84-88-96-98-106-108-116
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

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Widths—60-64-68-72-76-80-84-88-90-96-98-100-106-108-116
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Widths—40'-48'-56'-60'-64'-80'-100'-120'
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

TYPE 3
Widths—64'-68'-72'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-106'-116'
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

TYPE 3-M
Widths—96'-104'-112'-114'-120'-124'-130'-132'-140'-150'-160'-170'-180'
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

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Widths—64'-68'-72'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-106'-116'
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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

The final match opened with Johnston launching his strongest attack. It proved so strong that for two sets he dominated the situation, but in so doing he drained his physical reservoir to the last drop. From then, when he led, two sets to none, to the end of the match, which I won in five sets, he threatened only once, when he led, 3—0, in the fourth set, a lead which he amassed by mighty will and wonderful courage which forced his failing body to its last stand. Even Johnston's determination could not carry him along without reserve. He was an automobile without gas, a mighy machine, powerless without its reserve fuel.

He had overestimated his reserve and drawn too heavily on it at first. Possibly he had underestimated my lasting power. It is a terrible thing to overestimate your reserve and be forced to finish on nothing but your nerve. That was the mistake I made in 1921 in the Davis Cup Challenge round when I played Shimizu a few short weeks after a serious illness. Only a fortunate accident saved me a straight set defeat. Had I lost I would have had only myself to blame, because I drew too heavily on my reserve too early in the match.

Match tennis is essentially a psychological study, a battle of wits. Most of the world's leading players are so closely matched in ability that the result hinges on the mental competition. Any man or woman who is willing to practice under correct methods can master the strokes of tennis. It is how they are used, once they are mastered, that wins tennis matches. Tactics, strategy, courage and willingness to fight to the end, not shots, is the deciding issue in every great tournament.

It is the combination of these qualities that make Billy Johnston so great.

MUCH of the foregoing is a plea for training. Sensible training—in other words, preparation—for a match is usually the signpost to a High Spot in tennis. No man can succeed consistently who is not in good condition mentally and physically. False stimulation, no matter to what it is due, will not carry a man to victory over any period of time. A player who believes he can rely on any reserve but the one which nature at its best builds up, is due to disappointment and defeat.

Staleness is usually mental, not physical, so that any system which forces a man to remember his sport all the time over a long period tends to staleness rather than good condition. I prefer under-condition to overcondition, for in the first case you improve as you play, while in the latter you go from bad to worse.

No set rules can be drawn to provide perfect training for every one. Individual reaction should determine each person's method of holding good condition and avoiding staleness.

Never allow your sport to become your master. Always regard it as a sport. If it gets on top of you, and you worry over it, you will go stale in a week and collapse in two.

If you always retain your love of the game and play it solely for the joy of competition, I believe you can play all year, every year, and never grow stale.

FOOD, climate, and physical stress and strain will not break you down nor build you up as quickly as your own mastery of your mental viewpoint. I sound like Coué. I should pick as my tennis motto:

"I am the master of my fate—I am the captain of my soul."

Honestly, I believe that athletic condition depends on the sound balance of one's mentality, and that training is nothing more serious than leading a normal life which will keep a sound head on your shoulders under all circumstances.

Many a great match has been lost because the man who lost it, lost his head just previously. Nerves, irritability and supersensitiveness are symptoms of abnormality in living. It may be an abnormality of the personal life or that of our civilization, yet the effect is much the same. One reason I am a strong advocate of sports is because they are sound, normal and sane in their inherent traditions. Sports tend to bring the individual back to that normalcy which is the best in the world.

Tennis has taught me whatever self-control, patience and courage I possess. I was a nervous, high-strung, temperamental, ridiculously sensitive boy. Many of these qualities are still with me, but today they are under my control. The vicissitudes of the tennis courts have ironed out many of the foolish wrinkles of my childhood and have taught me the great lesson of training—normalcy of life.

High spots are not normal. That is why we enjoy them. It is the contrast with the deadly dullness of monotonous existence which causes the thrill of the moment and the glow of tender memory of such High Spots. Yet could our whole life be lived on the plane of these moments? Would we not break down under the tension?

I know I am thankful for the High Spots of my tennis career, and still more thankful I have had no more. I am most thankful for the normalcy of training which keeps me in condition to meet them when they arrive.

THE END

White feathers came out. They flew about the room.

Trub Breaks Into the Movies

The Fifth Installment of TRUB'S DIARY *By John Taintor Foote*

Illustrated by ROBERT L. DICKEY

NOVEMBER 21. More solitude! The Molecule is not pleased with me. I think the new game had something to do with it.

Toodles and I played the game together. We played it in Toodles' home. It is a nice home. It is full of interesting things. It is called an apartment. The girl we met in the elevator lives there with Toodles. He calls her Muvver. The Molecule called her Miss Kendle at first. Now he calls her Old Party and Mrs. Mulligan.

Before we played the game something else happened. It was in a place that Miss Kendle goes to. She goes to this place to get bread and butter. I heard her tell the Molecule.

I was glad when the Molecule took me into the place. I did not see any bread and butter. Only a hall with a fat man standing in front of a door. It was an iron door. The Molecule wanted to go through the door.

The fat man said, "No chance, Bud—they're shooting right now."

The Molecule said, "Look this over, Old Timer!"

He handed a piece of paper to the fat man.

The fat man looked at the paper. He said, "That lets you in; but the dog is out."

I was worried. I gave the fat man some wags. He didn't notice them.

The Molecule said, "Here's his pass." He gave something to the fat man.

The fat man said, "He can go anywhere in New York on that stuff; but don't say I let him in."

We went through the iron door. It was a big place inside. There was no bread and butter. Just people. Miss Kendle was there. The place was all dark except where she was standing.

A man was walking up and down. His coat was off and his collar was undone. His hair was sticking up on end. He was holding his head with both hands. He was making a groaning sound. He said:

"I could shoot 'The Covered Wagon' on the footage we've wasted on one lousy scene."

Two men were standing in the light with Miss Kendle. One had black hair and a black mustache. He was not a kind looking man. The other was a tall young man. He had on a white sweater with a big red "H" on the front of it. His hair was very slick and shiny. He said:

"Why not have luncheon before this retake, old man? I'm absolutely faint!"

I liked what the young man said. I wondered where they kept the bread and butter.

The man with his hair sticking up spoiled everything. He said, "We'll put this scene across if it takes till midnight. If you want to eat—gimme something! Let's go, everybody! Remember, girl, you're fighting for what is dearer to you than life. And, listen, Joe, *go after her!* She won't break. Winston, don't forget you're captain of the Harvards. You've just run through them all for a goal. You've heard her scream. You run to the dressing room. The door is locked. You buck the door. It flies from its hinges. You come diving into the scene. This brute has your

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'feeawnsay' in his power. Crouch where you land, and then make the tackle like the football guy showed you. Now, remember, every bit of this is *big,* people, *BIG!* All right. Abe, music! Ready, everybody! Lights! Action! Pick it up where you sneer and lock the door, Joe! That's good! CAMERA!"

I was surprised at what happened. The black haired man started it. He grabbed Miss Kendle by the neck. Her tongue stuck out. It was awful! I barked in horror.

The man with his hair sticking up was yelling. He yelled:

"Who the hell let that dog in? Atta boy, Joe! Bend her down over the sofa!"

The young man in the sweater came in where it was light. He came in on his head. He sat up and blinked.

The man with his hair sticking up yelled, "What are you sitting there for, you big stiff?"

The young man in the sweater said, "I think my skull is fractured."

The man with his hair sticking up yelled, "No chance! It's solid ivory. Get up and nail him!"

The young man in the sweater got to his feet. He flew through the air. He knocked down the black haired man and Miss Kendle and a table. It was terrible!

I pulled the chain from the Molecule's hand. I rushed into the light place, barking. The black haired man and the young man in the sweater were rolling over and over.

I bit the one that came on top when I got there. It was the young man in the sweater. I bit him in the back of the trousers. It was not a fun bite. He yelled.

The Molecule pulled me away from the young man in the sweater. The man with his hair sticking up was saying many things. Not a single word he said can be repeated. I held a barking party—I don't know why.

The Molecule took me out through the iron door. He put me in a taxi. He said, "I don't blame you, Trub—after that tackle." He began to laugh. He lay down on the seat and did it.

MISS KENDLE came out and got in the taxi. She gave me a hug. She said, "Bless his heart, he tried to rescue Muvver! We'll leave him at the apartment, Bobbie. I want to look at a wrist watch I'm crazy about before luncheon."

We drove to Toodles' home. Toodles was there. He was lying on a cushion on a couch. The Molecule and Miss Kendle went away and left us together.

I said, "Well, what's the good word?"

Toodles didn't say anything. He just sniffed. Pekes are like that—poor mixers!

A flea disturbed me. I gave it some attention.

Toodles said, "Faugh! Infested with vermin."

I said, "How do you get that way?"

Toodles sniffed.

I found a pink box in a chair. The box was full of brown stones. They had a nice smell. I bit one. It was soft. I chewed it. Delicious!

Toodles said, "You let those chocolates alone!"

I said, "Go chase your tail."

I ate all the soft stones that were in the box. I began to have an oppressive feeling in the abdomen. I thought it would be best to swallow up. I did.

Toodles said, "O, my God!"

I felt better. I began to look around. I went into a closet. There was a big round pasteboard box in the closet. I chewed the box. The cover came off. There was something inside the box made of wire and mosquito netting and what-not. I chewed off all the what-not. Then I chewed the mosquito netting.

Toodles was watching me. His eyes were sticking out. He said, "That's Muvver's best hat!"

I said, "This is the life, kid."

THERE was a row of slippers in the closet. I took a white one with a shiny buckle. I chewed off the buckle. Then I chewed the slipper.

Toodles said, "How does it taste?"

I said, "Delicious! Have one!"

Toodles got down off the couch. He came over to the closet. He said, "I've been repressed for years. I've just realized it. I think I'll try a black one."

We chewed all the slippers.

A yellow cushion had fallen off the couch. I chewed it. So did Toodles. White feathers came out. They flew about the room. We chewed more sofa cushions. They all had feathers in them.

I made up the new game then. It was called Snow, Snow, Beautiful Snow! It was a splendid game. We rolled in the feathers. We dug in them. We chased them. They stuck to everything—especially Toodles.

He looked so funny. I thought Miss Kendle and the Molecule would laugh when they came back. They didn't laugh. Miss Kendle sat down and began to cry. She cried terribly. The Molecule was patting her and asking her to stop.

He said, "Listen, Old Party; I'm going right now and get you that watch."

Miss Kendle kept on crying. The Molecule went away. When he was gone she went to the dresser and looked in the glass. She put white stuff on her nose. She went back to the chair. When the Molecule came in she began to cry again.

The Molecule said, "Here it is, Old Party. Now, cheer up!" He took a sparkle thing out of a box. He put it in her lap.

Miss Kendle stopped crying. She put the sparkle thing around her wrist. She said, "You're a darling." She got up from the chair. She gave the Molecule a kind look. They kissed.

The Molecule and I went away from there. We went to a place called the Yale Club. The Molecule handed my chain to a man.

The Molecule said, "Put him down in the basement. He's just cost me eight hundred smackers!"

Another installment of the sprightly adventures of the lively Trub as recorded in his canine diary will appear in an early issue.

The Turning Point in the Life of F. EDSON WHITE

President of Armour and Company

GETTING ahead requires not only ability but a place where rapid progress is possible, F. Edson White, president of the great meat packing company of Armour & Co., decided years ago. Here is his story of what he did to get into a place where he could grow:

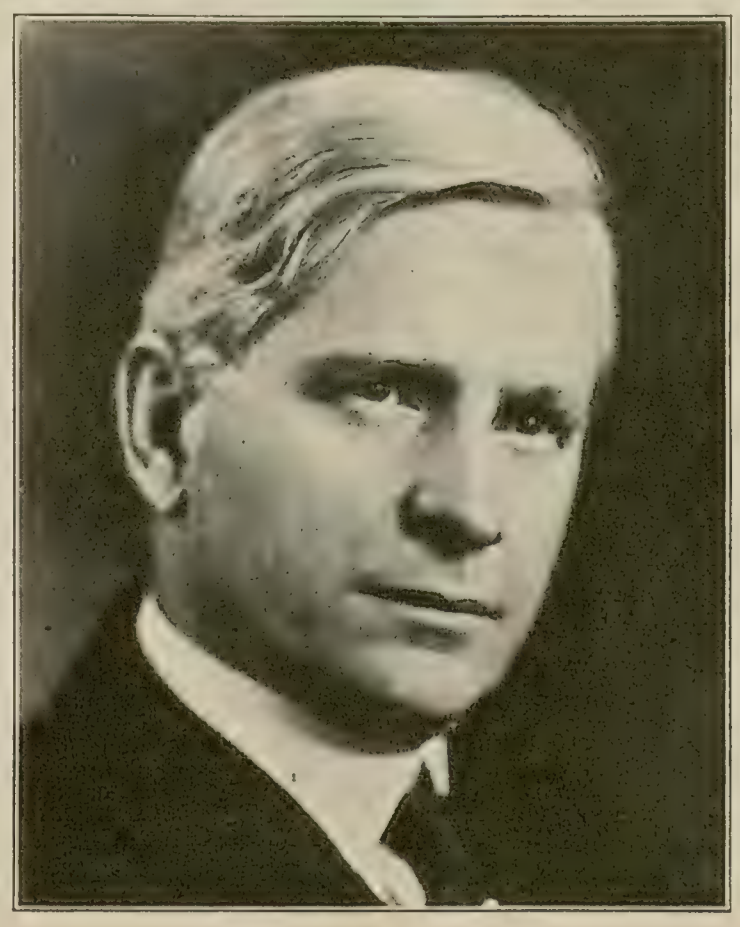
"I have decided to resign, effective the first of the month," I said to Mr. Hough, my boss.

Mr. Hough looked at me with amazement. "What's making you do that?" he asked. "Have you landed what you think is a better job somewhere?"

"No," I told him, "I have no new job as yet, but I have made up my mind that if I want to be a big figure in the meat packing industry I'll have to go to the headquarters of the industry at Chicago."

Mr. Hough said I was making a mistake in quitting a seventy dollar a week job with a good house in San Francisco in order to take a chance on landing something better in a big place like Chicago.

It is difficult now to look back and determine definitely just what led me to leap off into the



unknown. Most likely it was the spell cast upon me by a study of Abraham Lincoln. He was my ideal. His life I expected to make my pattern, although I never had any political ambitions and expected, from the very start, to work in an entirely different field. I read everything the libraries contained on the life of Abraham Lincoln. His determination to succeed, his intentness, his faith in the ultimate success of a worth-while undertaking—these finally inspired me to leave a field in which prospects were limited and to enter a larger one, even though I would have to enter on the lowest rung of the ladder.

I think it is better to be a little frog in a big pond than a big frog in a little one, because the big frog in the little pond is done growing, while the possibilities for a little frog in a big pond are unlimited.

Changing from a seventy dollar a week job in San Francisco to an eighteen dollar a week job in Chicago still impresses me as having been a venturesome thing to do, but I have nothing to regret having done so.

THE END

Never let your husband get wise to the fact that you are able to stoke the furnace. After all, husbands aren't gods!

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE WOMEN

A Startling Analysis of Present Day Relations of the Strong and the Fair

By Viola Brothers Shore

Illustrated by ALICE HARVEY

IT'S surprising how many men there still are who believe that all women can be divided into good and bad. Those who Do remain virtuous, and those who Don't—failing utterly to take into consideration the many who Don't but would like to, and the many, many who Do, but would rather not.

There are such things as wholly bad women—alas for their families! And there are such things as wholly good women—alas, alas for their families! But for the most part they are confined, respectively, to the movie scenarios and the fiction pages of the women's magazines.

In the breasts of all flesh-and-blood women there is that eternal conflict between the gypsy and the home-fire. And the purity of any woman is largely a matter of the duration and violence of that conflict.

The look in the eyes of the single woman holding aloft her friend's baby is no more wistful than that in the eyes of the shabby, weary little mother holding aloft her friend's baby lamb. The woman in the train watches the little white cottages go by. But the woman in the little white cottage watches the trains go by.

If we only knew how we should feel about it all on our death beds—whether 'twere better to go through life with a baby on each arm, or three diamond and sapphire service stripes.

For my part, I think women may be divided into two classes, as those who comb their hair and take off the cold cream the first thing in the morning, and those who put on their underwear and stockings first. The underlying principle in both cases is the same. If a fire

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTIN'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

should break out and the firemen come bursting in, they will be prepared.

They say that no man understands a woman—especially if he is married to her. But that every woman can see through any man—especially if she is married to him. As a woman I admit the colossal conceit of this. But I also admit its truth.

There are only two people whom a woman will ever acknowledge really understand her. Herself and her doctor. And he may be mistaken.

The reason a woman doesn't mind going to the doctor is because his office is the one place in the world where she can tell all about her symptoms without having to listen to anybody else's. And that alone is worth the price of admission. Besides, the doctor is the one man who can invariably be found at his office; who is always willing, nay glad, to see one there; before whom one need never pull an act; and whose understanding, sympathy, discretion and tact can unfailingly be relied upon.

WOMEN have little sex loyalty. Competition is too keen. It's every woman for herself and spinsterhood take the hindmost.

However, on the whole, we women are better sports than men. Go to any tennis court and hear a couple of adult males disputing a decision on one point.

The reason women are better satisfied with matrimony than men is because they are better sports at making the best of what they have.

Women are much better, too, at making sacrifices. We don't mind giving up things for people we're fond of, or even for some toward whom we have only a sense of duty or pity. In fact, some of us rather enjoy it. Carried too far, this noble trait is a nuisance. Nobody likes living with a martyr complex which insists on being taken out for a daily airing.

I know a lot of women who don't consider the day well begun unless they can make at least one sacrifice for their families before breakfast. Unless the grateful family burns a dollar's worth of incense and chants seven hallelujahs per day, life is a bitter burden. And what do you get for raising a family? Nothing but ingratitude. And after all you do for them!

We mothers are a conceited lot. Fiction is largely to blame, fostering and safeguarding as it does the sanctity-of-motherhood tradition. We have allowed ourselves to be kidded into a sentimental belief that having children is in itself a claim to glory. Having children may be nothing but a fortunate accident. However, successfully raising them seldom is.

The hardest thing for some mothers to learn is not how to look after their children, but how to leave them alone.

You can tell a lot about the family life of a woman if you call the night she has chicken and watch who gets the drumsticks. If it is the children, you can bet they are not the sort who are allowed to do their self-expressing all over the front parlor. If mother accepts it, the skeleton in the family closet is probably an overdeveloped martyr complex. But if father gets the lowly joint—well, you can draw your own conclusions.

It's funny how dead set mothers are against their daughters being kissed by young men. Whereas, the chances are, if mother hadn't begun that sort of thing, daughter wouldn't have dreamed of it.

It used to be daughter who went out dancing with the young man, and mother trailed along as a chaperon. Now it is mother who goes out with the young dancing man and daughter trails as the alibi.

A chaperon (where not obsolete) is a married woman whose duty is to see that the young men do nothing they shouldn't do to her young charges, even if she has to sacrifice all her finer feelings and give them something else to think about.

A male cynic I know says there are four kinds of women—those trying to get a man, those trying to hold a man, those trying to win back a man, and invalids.

Not by years but by conquests is a woman adjudged young or old. The more conquests she has had, the younger she stays.

While a man may be as old as he feels, a woman is as old as her dearest friend has just told her she looks. However, a woman is never really old until she has reordered her last photographs, instead of sitting for new.

WOMEN are queer gamblers. They hate to risk a dollar on a game of cards, but they will stake everything they have on their ability to hold some man's affections. And in no other game are the cards so pitilessly stacked against them.

A woman will go to any length to explain to herself why a man has ceased to seek her out rather than admit that he may have grown tired of her.

Women who marry bad men don't really believe they are going to reform them by marriage. But they just like to have an alibi for their off days.

A woman can never forgive you for having once been admired by her husband. If you spurned him, she hates you. And if you didn't—O, boy! Whereas, the last people a woman ought to hate are her husband's old flames. As well be jealous of Cleopatra or any of the other Beautiful and Dead.

The main reason a great many women want marriage is so they can sit back in peace and let their chins increase.

The difference between domestic service and matrimony is not a matter of salary; nowadays most women manage to get an allowance. Not a matter of terminating the contract at will; the divorce laws are pretty flexible. No, the one strong point of contrast between domestic service and matrimony is that the maid gets every other Thursday evening off, and nobody asks her where she's been and who brought her home, and what did he have to say.

There is always the question as to which tactics are the more successful—the school of Diana-the-Huntress, or of Daphne-the-Fleeing-Nymph.

The Daphnes believe in the hit-and-run technique. Who strikes a spark and runs away will have a bonfire some day.

The Dianas don't believe in waiting until Fate rolls up to the door the chariot of opportunity containing the Fairy Prince, but prefer to roll their own.

I should say that the best act always has been, is and ever will be, not to pursue, not to flee, but to sit still, highly and electrically charged with Come-Hither.

If I were writing a Book of Getiquette for women, I should include the following:

Always tell a handsome man he is clever. But don't neglect to tell him he is handsome.

Don't be afraid of being trite in your compliments. Casanova himself couldn't fail to be taken in by the line about looking well in his dinner clothes.

Don't suspect a man of guile, intricacy or complexity of motive in his dealings with you. If you wish to construe his actions, figure them out along the most obvious lines, divide by two and subtract seven.

When life grows a bit flat, withdraw for a while. Nothing so piques men as a woman who voluntarily withdraws from this life of frivolity. But never withdraw so far that you can't be reached by telephone.

THE idea that men need encouragement is out of date. If a man is coming your way, he won't need any encouragement. And if he's going from you, he can manage that without you, also. However, if he's standing perfectly still it may be necessary, in the words of our young friend Daisy, to seize the bull by both horns and kiss him on the brow.

The best time to get a man is on the rebound from some other affair, before he has had a chance to recover his equilibrium.

Remember that all men are first, explorers; second, missionaries, and third, reformers.

The first explains why so many beautiful women lose their lovers and why so many homely ones hold theirs.

They are all born missionaries. If you pretend not to care for kissing (but not hard enough to discourage him), you will afford a man the double thrill of kissing and converting you.

But after he has tried hard to make you as bad as possible, he will try even harder to make you more good than possible. Man's passion for reform is as universal as it is scrupulously confined to the opposite sex. A man will fall in love with a woman because she has certain outstanding kinks which attract him. After he has married her he will set assiduously to work to straighten out these same kinks lest some other man discover and be attracted by them. Don't let him sell you the idea that he'll love you better all smoothed out. Tell him the best corkscrew in the world, entirely dekinked, will only make a very mediocre nut pick.

After he has his wife all straightened out, he heaves a sigh, says, "That's that," and goes to look for somebody else to reform.

Any garden variety of wife ought to be able to think up enough deviltry to keep a man busy in his own back yard until she gets too old to care what he does. And by that time he will probably be too old to do any more reforming.

Nobody bats a thousand. Don't feel put out if you can't get every man you go after. If you have made the great mistake of letting yourself want a man before he wants you, throw in your clutch before it's too late. If you don't let your pride get all tangled up in it, you'll be able to forget the best of them in a month. Others pro rata.

God helps him who helps himself. But never let your husband get wise to the fact that you are able to stoke the furnace. After all, husbands aren't gods.

THE END

Don't be afraid of being trite in your compliments.

Fashion Does Some New Steps in the Dance Frock

By
CORINNE LOWE

The propriety of wearing "something blue" is not restricted to the bride, as is evident from the model at the left, of biscuit colored organdie—or net—designed by Lanvin for the summer evening. Narrow blue streamers escape from a dark rose at the back and run under the diaphanous fabric. Next is a Paquin creation of bronze lace run through with gold and blue threads, made over gold cloth. Third a red crepe dinner gown by Vionnet, with gold design printed on the fabric and the fullness of the skirt massed in front. At the right a striking dance frock with diagonal coral taffeta waist.

TAMPERING slightly with Thomas Moore, one might say, "Oft in the style-y night," for, whatever else may be said of this coming summer's evenings, no reproach could possibly be directed against their fashion features. They are to be full of style interest.

Today, just as was the case last winter, evening frocks are divided in sentiment. As against the robe de style, as the French call that favored gown with fitted bodice and bouffant skirt, we see ranged infinite variations of the straight-line gown. This summer, however, many changes have come over the latter type and it is these which constitute the novelty of our familiar tubular silhouette.

The straight-line evening gown, as expressed by Paris, is quite perceptibly shorter. Having concluded, however, that brevity is the soul of skirt-wit, the foreign designers repent of their conclusion in all sorts of effects to produce an illusion of length. There are panels and cascades and flounces which dip far below the abbreviated skirt-hem.

Above all, we find draperies of chiffon and tulle attached to the waist-line and floating out as the wearer moves in a way that makes one think of some lovely flying fish. Veritable gossamer fins, in fact, are these bits of drapery prolonged far below the hem of our shortened gown.

These artifices of length have, too, another function. The fact of it is the designers seem as remorseful about deciding on narrowness as they have shown themselves in the matter of skirt-length. So, having created that narrow tube of a gown, they search for some type of width at the hem. This width is accomplished variously by godets, by the knee flounce, and by the draperies of which I have spoken.

Many of these summer evening gowns glitter with jeweled and rhinestone embroideries. Numerous others give elaborate play to the metallic laces. Typical, indeed, of our present mood is the Paquin model, second from the left. Here in this frock of bronze lace made over a foundation of cloth of gold and showing through its mesh-mingled threads of gold and peacock blue, we encounter another representative of those metallic lace evening gowns which are now so authoritative.

For Patricia Patterns See Page 35

And again this summer, the White Way! One gets tired saying that white is the most fashionable of evening tones, but what can be done about it when facts are always conspiring against any variation?

Nevertheless, even in granting this partiality, let me hasten to say that never have I seen such vivid tints for the evening dance. Flame and coral and brilliant red, greens and blues and yellows—all are carried out in the chiffons and crêpes and tulles of this season. Illustrative of the present colorful impulse is the Callot frock at the right. In this model a coral taffeta waist cut in diagonal line across the back joins to a bouffant skirt composed of vari-colored tulle.

Decidedly more youthful in its effect is that other embodiment of the bouffant type illustrated at the left. This model, designed by Lanvin—she who is so often called "the designer of youth"—stresses that combination of long-fitted bodice and full skirt, of which the great Parisian creator never wearies.

As a last word, let it be mentioned that the evening frock of this season is usually accompanied by its own wrap. This wrap does not usually match, but it does harmonize.

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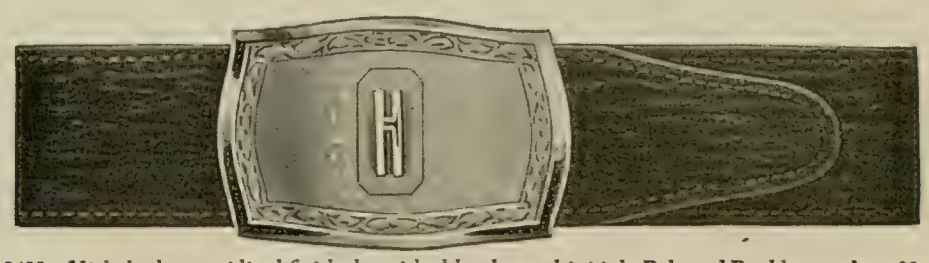

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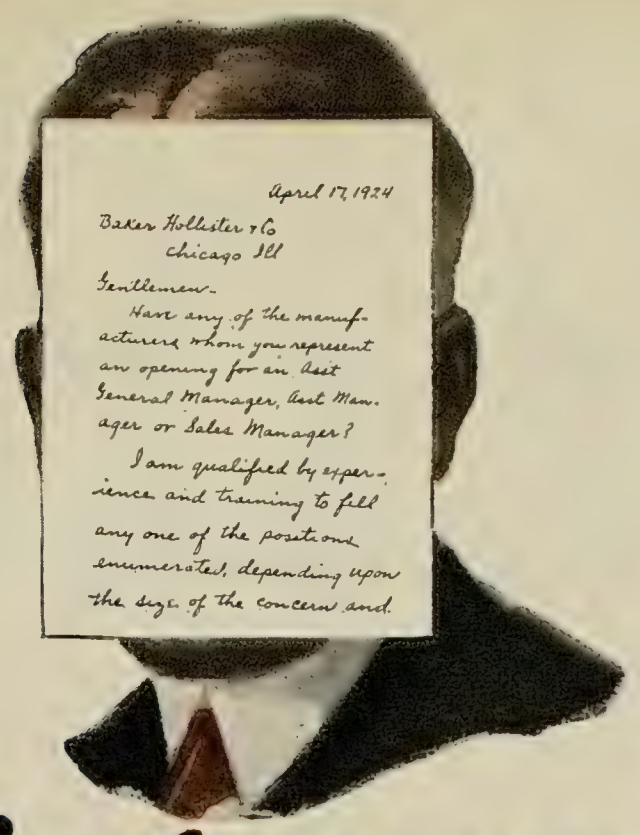

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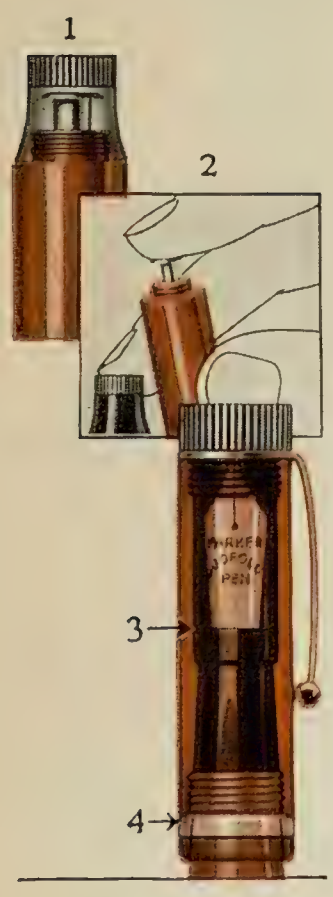

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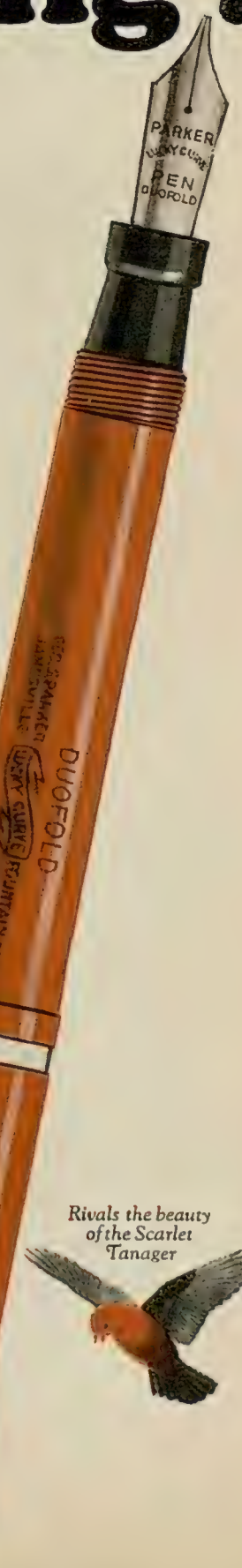

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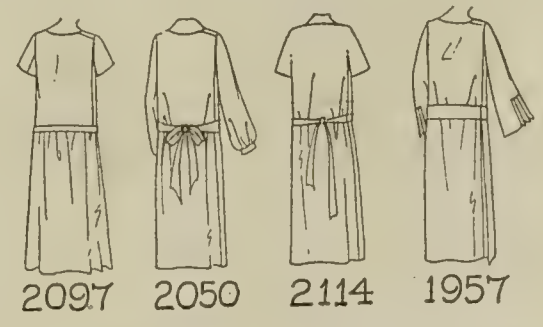
FASHION'S DECREE IS FOR SIMPLICITY OF LINES

By Patricia

OF course trimming, rightly placed and judiciously chosen, is of vast importance to the correct frock, but of far more importance is line. Fashion is continually interesting itself with line. A frock is only beautiful because its lines are so. No matter of how lovely a fabric a dress may be made, how pretty are the trimmings, it is lost forever if the line is not good. So if you desire to be well dressed, choose your lines carefully, and, furthermore, have few of them. For simplicity of line becomes more pronounced every season. Surely the amateur home sewer can find no fault with this whim of Dame Fashion, for nowadays any one can make the pretty frocks she would like to have for herself.

Five lovely ones are shown here, all extremely simple and beautiful of line.

The young girl or youthful matron is going to like the bouffant style shown in sketch No. 2097. In taffeta it would make a lovely summer dance or dinner frock. The pattern for this style cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 2⅞ yards of 40 inch material with 4½ yards of ribbon binding.



Every woman wants at least one dress of dotted Swiss for summer. Here's your chance, for style No. 2050 would be lovely in a Swiss. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3½ yards of 36 inch material, with ⅞ yard 36 inch contrasting.

The dress shown in No. 2114 is very easy to make. In a printed cotton or summer silk it would be a lovely warm weather frock. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3 yards 36 inch material, with ¾ yard 36 inch contrasting and 6½ yards edging.

The vogue of plaits is exploited in the good looking style shown in No. 1957. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40 inch material.

The use of contrasting materials is much favored this season. You will like No. 2100, which exploits this feature in a new way. The dress is cut in two pieces, as the diagram shows. Perforations on the skirt show where the contrasting material should start. Printed cotton with organdie of the predominating color of the print for the lower skirt piece and the sleeve trimmings. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inch bust measure. Size 36 takes 2⅜ yards of 36 or 40 inch material, with 1⅛ yards of 36 inch contrasting.

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For CORINNE LOWE'S FASHION ARTICLE See Page 30

HERBERT HOOVER

Underwood & Underwood Photo.

Accidents

That Have Put Men in the White House —and Kept Them Out!

The Disappointments of Clark and Hoover

It Was Bryan Who Closed the Presidential Gate to Clark, While Hoover Shut It Against Himself.

The Third of a Series of Articles

By James J. Montague

CHAMP CLARK

Moffett Photo

IF Theodore Roosevelt was right, the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, which ten years later slammed the door to the White House in the face of Charles E. Hughes, merely performed an act of poetic justice. Colonel Roosevelt held Mr. Hughes responsible for the defeat of the Progressives in the 1912 Republican convention, the consequent defeat of Mr. Taft, and the temporary annihilation of the Republican party. In the Democratic convention at Baltimore a week later Champ Clark was tumbled from the shoulders of victory on which he had ridden for four days, and his presidential aspirations were flattened in the dust. Woodrow Wilson was nominated. He became President. In the Roosevelt view, Mr. Hughes had a good deal to answer for.

Pacing up and down in his great trophy room in his house in Oyster Bay a few weeks before the Republican convention of 1916, the Colonel unburdened himself to me about Mr. Hughes. There had been a discussion of available candidates, in which Hughes' name had come up. I inquired if Colonel Roosevelt favored him.

"There is no good reason why I should," he said, biting off his words in his characteristic fashion. "I think that but for Hughes I should now be President of the United States.

"When I came back from Africa, I received word that Hughes wanted me—in the interest of the party—to go to the Saratoga convention and keep Barnes and the other Old Guard leaders from naming a reactionary Republican for Governor.

"My presence there resulted in the defeat of Barnes' candidate and the nomination of Stimson. Meanwhile Hughes had resigned as Governor and accepted a seat on the Supreme Court bench, thereby depriving me and those associated with me of his support in the fight on Barnes.

"It was my aggressiveness at Saratoga which aroused the unslumbering hatred of Barnes and his followers. But I did not mean to antagonize many of the men allied with him.

"As you know, the 1912 convention was no walkover for Taft. With all their steam roller tactics we might have beaten them had I not, at Saratoga, made savage enemies of so many of my party in my own state. It was their votes and their influence at Chicago which turned the scale against me."

Roosevelt did not charge nor did he believe Hughes had entered into a conspiracy to send him to Saratoga with the idea that he would destroy himself there. At that time Governor Hughes could not possibly have foreseen that Roosevelt would be a candidate for election, or that a third party would be formed.

A revolt of the Progressives followed the nomination of Taft at Chicago. When they walked out of the convention they met and resolved to hold a convention of their own in August and name Roosevelt for President. They had carried so many state primaries that it was certain they would be able to defeat Taft. As a consequence, when the Democrats convened at Baltimore the following week every delegate in the hall knew that the choice of the convention would become the next President of the United States.

Already the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson, organized by William F. McCombs, with Colonel Edward M. House as financial advisor, had made great headway. But the friends of Champ Clark had captured far more delegates than had McCombs and House. Furthermore, Clark was speaker of the House of Representatives, deeply versed in politics, and supported by many of the ablest politicians in the country. Nothing but an accident, his backers said, could keep Clark out of the White House. The accident happened.

IT happened not in the convention but several years before, when Clark did something which displeased William Jennings Bryan. What this was was never made clear. In any event, Bryan came to the convention, with the primary purpose, I fancy, of finding a chance to break in and carry away the nomination himself, and with the secondary purpose of keeping Clark from getting it.

Fully assured he would be nominated, Clark remained in Washington, leaving the direction of his campaign to his lieutenants. With 725½ votes necessary for the nomination, he received 440½ on the first ballot, and his vote increased to 566 on the tenth.

For three days Clark's supporters labored in vain to raise the number of his delegates to two-thirds. Then Bryan, although a member of a Nebraska delegation, which was instructed for Clark, obtained the floor and savagely denounced Clark as a tool of Morgan and Ryan

and Belmont, and a man unfit to lead the party in the hour of victory.

The riot which followed this address has often been described. The Clark people soon discovered their candidate had begun to slip.

And slip he did through the hot days and nights until, after the thirtieth ballot, Wilson's vote had reached 460, going to 501½ on the thirty-ninth. After the forty-fifth, the name of Oscar W. Underwood was withdrawn and a stampede for Wilson began. On the forty-sixth ballot, which decided the issue, Wilson received 990 votes, and Clark 84.

It was more than a year before Speaker Clark would even discuss the convention. But one day he brought it up in speaking of the absurdity of a story that he had gone to Baltimore for the purpose of killing Bryan.

"I did go to Baltimore to denounce him," he said, "but my friends thought that the time for a speech from me had passed when I got there. Bryan had, as I supposed, been my friend for twenty years. All my life I had dreamed of the presidency, and for the first few days of the convention I was so sure the nomination was within my grasp that I sat one afternoon thinking about the men I would pick for my cabinet. It was a crushing disappointment. Bryan alone kept me out of the White House. But I never intended to kill him. I shall not forgive him, but he can keep on living—for all of me."

THE last of these chapters of accidents in public life recites one of the most curious occurrences in American politics. There is no means of knowing whether Herbert Hoover might not have landed in the White House had he not accidentally discovered he was a Republican instead of a Democrat. But it is absolutely certain that it was this untimely discovery and nothing else which prevented the Democrats from nominating him for the presidency in their convention in San Francisco in 1920.

As every one knows, Hoover had won widespread popularity as well as unlimited publicity by his work in the Belgian Relief Commission during the war—a work organized and accomplished on a gigantic scale. He rode on the high tide of public favor.

The Democrats early in 1920 were in a quandary. It was impossible to learn from the White House which of its candidates the President favored. Indeed, there was a general belief that Wilson wanted to be renominated. It was believed by many of the Democrats that William G. McAdoo, being the President's son-in-law, was too close to him, and would have to bear the attacks which Wilson had invited in the last year of his term. On the other hand, if any one not in the Wilson camp were named there was danger that the President might be angered and decline to invoke the powerful support an administration can exert.

Everybody was thinking about Hoover.

For a time Hoover did not commit himself. The irreverent insisted that he was trying to find out which party had the best chance to win. His friends said he had been long absent from America and really did not know to which party he belonged.

Meanwhile Hoover clubs began to be formed around the country, Hoover's name went on primary tickets in both parties, and leaders on both sides began to get worried. On January twenty-four it was announced in his behalf that he would accept either nomination were it offered to him. The Republicans failed to react to this announcement until the Democrats took it up and began to get busy. Having Hoover handy as a member of the Wilson administration, under which he had done his relief work, the Democrats were able to bring pressure on him. The Republicans feared Hoover was yielding to it, and brought counter pressure. They made no secret of their fear that he would be a formidable candidate on the Democratic ticket.

Perhaps Hoover thought he could get the Republican nomination; perhaps he didn't. In any case, he announced a month or two before the Republican convention that he was a Republican, if he was anything, having once belonged to a Republican club, and that if he accepted any nomination it would be from the Republicans.

From that time forth he was beyond the reach of the Democrats. And almost instantaneously the Republican leaders lost all interest in his candidacy. Never, after they had made sure that the Democrats were precluded from nominating him by his announcement, did they even consider him as a candidate.

There was much lamenting over the loss of Hoover at the San Francisco convention. If Hoover had come into the Democratic corral he would have been nominated on the second day. And if he had been nominated, holding as he did a great Republican following, he *might* have been elected. That statement can be made without fear of successful contradiction.

THE END

Youth Is Stranger Than FICTION

A Short Story of Love and Mystery

That Centers in the Flip of a Borrowed Coin

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

Illustrated by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

IT was almost midnight when Shipway Garth left the decorous atmosphere of the Dorset Club. He looked up and down Beacon Street approvingly and then crossed to the Common. He had not gone a hundred yards when he was accosted by a stranger.

"Pardon me, sir," the unknown began, "but could you lend me a coin for a moment?"

Garth paused under the electric light and looked at the other, frowning. Not a beggar on Boston Common but had been favored at some time or another with his economic views.

"I've not seen you before," Garth said gruffly.

The well clothed young man made a polite gesture expressive of sorrow and sympathy.

"Preferably a gold coin," said the stranger. "They are heavier."

"And have greater purchasing power, incidentally," sneered Garth. "Why not say 'give' when you mean that instead of lend?"

"Because I want to borrow and not to beg. It is not easy to decide an important matter by tossing up a bill in this gale." Garth saw that the gloved fingers did actually hold a ten dollar bill, but he was far from being convinced this was not a new method of extortion.

"What are you, if I may ask?" Garth demanded.

"If you will lend me the coin I will tell you. I intend to settle a theological doubt which has worried me for years."

Shipway Garth spoke less stiffly as he replied, "I beg your pardon, but I am often accosted by those who make begging their profession. I rarely carry gold, but I have a quarter."

The stranger accepted the coin graciously.

"On one side of this," he explained, "is a large and comfortable home, a stern father of something of your own type, unlimited credit, an assured future, respectability, dullness, and an adding machine. On the obverse is adventure, danger, and perhaps romance."

"This is the girl," something chanted in Worden's heart. "This is the man," was the song that answered it!

With that he spun the coin.

"The adding machine lost," exclaimed the young man as he returned the quarter to the bewildered Garth. "I now belong to a new profession. I am an arranger of destinies, a disposer of dangers, and an evader of consequences. To some I may appear as a criminal. Others will see Providence in me."

THERE was no doubt in Garth's mind but that the stranger was either insane or under the influence of a drug.

"Very interesting," he remarked, "but it is late." He made a motion as though to go.

"Not too late for you to listen," the stranger said, arresting Garth's progress. "My business theory is that every man is haunted by the ghost of a sin he can never forget. My mission is to relieve him of this haunting obsession. Let me take you as an example. What do I see?"

"You see some one well able to take care of himself," Garth retorted. He did not forget that he had upon his person cuff links of value, a diamond ring, and several hundred dollars in bills.

"Exactly. I see a man who has done some-

The Strange Adventure of the Superpoliceman Who Hunts Down the Ghosts of Secret Sins that Are Buried in Men's Hearts

thing in his younger days and is hourly expecting to pay for it. When I spoke you instantly clenched your fists. Not only that. You so arranged your feet that you could strike or block a blow without difficulty. You have a furtive look for all your garb of fashion and air of prosperity."

"At least," Garth retorted, "you make no pretense of seeking honest work."

"You'd get on wonderfully with my father," said the other unexpectedly. "The same steam roller school of sarcasm. As a matter of fact, I am seeking honest work and have no reason to be ashamed of my profession. You, no doubt, prowl daily in dark financial byways worshiping commercial goddesses. I, on the contrary, am a corrector of injustice, a knight errant of today, a super-policeman, something new and needed."

"You overwhelm me," said Garth. "Surely I have met you on the stage, the screen, and in popular fiction?"

"You have not. I am *sui generis*. None other exists like me. None other will. It is fortunate for you that I am disengaged. I will blot from my memory all recollection of former clients when I enter your employ."

"My employ!" cried Garth. "Have I said anything about employing you?"

"Not yet," the other answered. "Few do at first. All successful men wear armor. When you have thought it over sufficiently you will take off your casque and punt it over the immemorial elms. You will lay aside your spear, unbuckle your sword, and tell me all."

SHIPWAY GARTH, well known cotton broker, stood before the unknown robbed of his habitual air of decision. What fate had brought this man to him at a moment of difficulty which could be solved by no ordinary method?

"You interest me," Garth said after a pause, "but the breezes blow rather keenly here. My car is waiting at the West Street corner. If you care to walk as far with me I shall be glad. My name is Garth."

"In Boston I am Robert Worden," said the other. "In a profession such as mine I have a name for every large city."

"So I supposed," said Garth.

A big car glided out of the shadows; they were passing through Copley Square before the broker spoke.

"That was a curious idea of yours," Garth said, almost hesitantly, "about entering my employ."

"Far from it," Worden assured him. "One of my most successful cases was when I found myself at Westbury, Long Island, some years ago. I had been out to see a polo practice there. The last train to town had gone and there were no taxis. I selected a car of a similar make and design to your own. The only occupant was a man of middle age. I climbed in and sat by his side as I am sitting by yours."

"Surely he objected," said Garth.

"I gave him no opportunity," Worden replied. "I said, 'Sir, there is an incident in your past life which worries you now and always will unless you adjust it. It happens that I am a professional adjuster of precisely such delicate matters.' The man turned pale and thought I had come to blackmail him."

"What happened?" Shipway Garth inquired eagerly.

"I adjusted it. He suffered no more."

"What was the nature of the case?"

"My dear sir," Worden said, a becoming touch of reproach in his voice, "the confessional is not more secret than I. Does a lawyer talk about a case to his friends, or use information imparted in confidence for his own ends? Of course not. He dismisses it from his mind as I do."

The cotton broker leaned forward and ordered his chauffeur to drive to the Garth residence.

WORDEN looked about the large and beautiful library, into which Garth conducted him, with approval. He appeared to have no thought other than that of admiration for a delightful interior. This calm and intelligent scrutiny did little to make Shipway Garth's mind easier. He was torn between two emotions. To dismiss Worden now would be very awkward; to confess his difficulty no simpler a task. Suddenly he took from his pocket a box in which reposed a platinum ring set with a fine diamond.

"This," said Garth, with intense bitterness, "is an engagement ring worth two thousand dollars. I am supposed to have stolen it."

"Did you steal it?" asked Worden.

"Certainly not," Garth cried. "I"—he hesitated—"I took it from the grand piano of John Southgate in Newton. It was to show his daughter Janice that her habit of taking off her rings every time she played the piano was likely to be dangerous. She had done it in this house a hundred times, and more than once I have warned her. Unfortunately, I forgot to return the ring, and her father, who has never liked me——"

"Ah!" said Worden gently. It was as though here at last he had heard of a man who exercised sound judgment.

"I repeat it, John Southgate, who has never

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

liked me, refuses to accept an explanation and threatens to sue me for the theft," Garth declared.

Worden suddenly rose to his feet, picked up his coat, and said, "I'm afraid I shall not refer to you as one of my clients."

"What!" cried the broker. "You admit it is beyond you?"

"By no means," Worden replied. "The thing is probably simple, but you are not telling me the truth. The affair as you state it is absurd. You are unquestionably a very rich man. That coat you were wearing is lined with real sable. The Turkish carpet upon which you are stamping is worth three times the price of the ring you are supposed to have taken. Everything in your home speaks of money well spent, and yet you expect me to believe that the world you live in will accuse you of deliberately stealing a trumpery ring and that Southgate won't accept its return."

THE stranger this time roused no fiery indignation in the cotton broker.

"If I have told you only half the truth," Garth replied slowly, "it is because I did not want to drag my daughter's name into it." He took from an inner jacket a square envelope and handed it to Worden. "Read it," he said. "It was sent to me by special messenger tonight."

"Your daughter," the note ran, "was seen by Sarah Jackson, a trusted servant, steal Miss Janice Southgate's engagement ring. While I have no doubt you felt it your duty to shield her in this regrettable crime, I take the opportunity of reiterating the statement that unless the ring is returned to my lawyers with a letter of apology, at once, I shall resort to legal steps to obtain it. Under no circumstances will I deal with you direct. JOHN SOUTHGATE."

"So you are shielding your daughter," Worden commented.

"I am not," Garth said. "On my word of honor, I am not. I took the ring from the piano and meant to give it back to Janice with a warning. I was called to the telephone and compelled to leave at once. I forgot the ring in my pocket. My daughter knew nothing about it."

"Then why this accusation?"

"That is a long story," said Garth.

"I should like your daughter to be present. I may get from her little things you have forgotten, overlooked, or deem unimportant."

"Quite unnecessary," Garth declared coldly.

"I insist," Worden retorted. "Here am I ready to take up the case, and you bring all sorts of silly prejudices into it. Your daughter is involved in a very disagreeable affair and you hesitate to call her."

"Perhaps you are right," said the broker. "I'll go and fetch her."

TEN minutes passed and Worden had leisure to look more closely about this splendid room and wonder why so matter of fact a man as Shipway Garth had such beautiful things surrounding him. He picked up an exquisitely hand-tooled volume of the immortal love story of Aucassin and Nicolette. Robert Worden was not drawn to the broker. His daughter was no doubt as aggressive and haughty as her sire. Perhaps she might be a soured woman who had let romance pass by and sought to capture it in such a manner as this.

Zoe Garth was awakened from a deep slumber in which she had forgotten the nightmare of the stolen ring.

"A kind of detective person?" she said, repeating her father's words. "O, dad, my dear, I wouldn't have it known for worlds of happier days."

"It will certainly be known to all our world if something isn't done," the father said gravely. This man seems to have been very successful in the past. He takes up cases involving rather more risk than most detectives care about. I don't mean physical risk entirely. I gather he is not above employing ruses that are without the law. I think you ought to see him."

"Very well. I'll be down in a few moments."

Garth did not apologize to Worden for the delay. He merely stated its reasons.

"By the way," he added, "there is the matter of your fee."

"It never varies," said Worden. "Five thousand dollars, with an advance of five hundred for expenses."

"The ring is only valued at two thousand," Garth reminded him.

"It isn't worth that," Worden said carelessly; "but my services are. If the cost staggers you, do not pay."

The broker's face was a study in the less charitable emotions, but he handed the five hundred dollars to the disposer of destinies.

"I am probably a fool for doing this," he observed.

"No question of it," said Worden genially.

The girl who entered bore no resemblance to Shipway Garth. Zoe, at twenty, was slight, graceful, blue eyed, and more lovely than any girl Robert Worden had ever gazed upon; and he had gazed upon many. She floated into the room wearing a gorgeous mandarin robe of blue and silver, expecting to meet a professional detective who would probably be chewing an unlighted cigar. Instead, she looked into the admiring and ingenuous face of a young man of her own kind. For them both time, at this moment, had no value.

"This is the girl," something chanted in Worden's heart.

"This is the man," was the song that answered.

Shipway Garth, observing them closely, saw nothing of this. Romance often spreads a veil between itself and the commonplace.

"Mr. Worden," Garth began, "is accustomed to affairs of this sort. I have engaged him to help me."

"To help Miss Garth," interrupted Robert Worden, bowing to the girl. "I only accept cases which enlist my sympathy. I should like to hear your version of the affair," he continued as he took out a pad and pencil. "Please don't keep things back as your father does. Unless I know all the facts I can't succeed."

"A few days ago," Miss Garth began, "we went to a reception at the Southgates. Janice is engaged to Walter Rodwell. I used to be. I made father go because if we hadn't it might have appeared," she made an impatient gesture, "as though I hadn't forgiven Janice for marrying the man——"

"You rejected," Garth interrupted, "and I once thrashed."

"Janice always leaves her rings about, and father, just to frighten her, took one at random, which happened to be the engagement ring. The fake telephone message——"

"Fake message!" Worden cried. "Your father did not tell me that."

"It was of no importance," said Garth. "Some one on the long distance told me my partner was lying seriously injured from an auto smash at Mattapoisett. When I rushed to him as requested there had been no accident. Some stupid practical joker, I suppose."

"There is the first clew," Worden remarked, "and you withhold it because your untrained mind considers it of no importance! Didn't you rush from the house, ring in pocket, because of this very call?"

"Yes."

"You did not recognize the voice?"

"No. It was supposed to be a nurse unknown to me."

"Do you think there is any connection between the sending of that message and this accusation?" asked the girl.

Zoe Garth in her eagerness was lovelier than ever. It was amazing, she felt, that her father had termed this adorable young man a "sort of detective person." Garth would have been bitterly wounded had he known these two were moved with the single wish to banish him.

"I am inclined to think there is," said Worden. He assumed an air of transcendent importance. "In matters of this kind," he announced to his employer, "I invariably conduct my examination in private. I shall not detain Miss Garth for more than twenty minutes."

"My daughter," said the astonished broker, "prefers that I remain."

"Dad, my dear," she said sweetly, "if it is Mr. Worden's custom, one ought to bow to it. I really think I could speak more freely alone." Garth was hardly conscious that she was pushing him toward the door.

But Zoe, alone with Worden, was not going to make things easy for him. She expected deference from all; and what was this debonair stranger but a detective endowed with unusual charm?

Nevertheless, she was a little disappointed at the many questions he asked her about the Southgates. He was almost too professional.

"Thanks," he said cheerfully, and put his notes in his pocket. "I seem to have all the facts."

"I should like to hear your real opinion," she said graciously.

"I see a man who has done something in his younger days and is hourly expecting to pay for it."

"Would you?" he said. "That's awfully kind of you.

> "'. . . how fair art thou;
> Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
> Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
> Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face . . .'

"That's my real opinion," he said. "I shouldn't have dared to mention it if you hadn't wanted to know."

Worden was quoting *Aucassin's* immortal words to *Nicolette!*

"You know perfectly well I didn't mean that," the girl replied.

"All right. I see now that Rodwell was madly in love with you. He couldn't help it. For the first time I begin to sympathize with him. Tell me this, were you ever in love with Rodwell?"

Zoe flushed a little. "It was a silly affair. I think I was temporarily infatuated as seventeen year old girls often are, and I was always a little afraid of him. He is strong physically and mentally, cruel to animals, and has a diabolical temper. When father thrashed him he swore he would make us suffer, but that was so long ago I'd almost forgotten about it until now."

When Shipway Garth entered the room after fifteen minutes he saw his daughter's manner was far too bright and vivacious under the circumstances.

"I have an excellent plan," Worden assured the broker. "I may say that I have learned more in these three minutes with your daughter——"

"Fifteen minutes," Shipway Garth corrected him. "Fifteen."

"Is it possible? I have learned more in these fifteen minutes with *Nicolette*——"

"Miss Garth," growled her father. He turned to Zoe. "Run away, child, there are other details to be settled."

At ten o'clock the next morning Robert Worden greeted an old friend newly admitted to the Harvard faculty.

"Bill," Worden said impressively, "I'm here on business."

"You? On business? Never!" Wayne returned. "Like the wind, you blow when you list—but on business—that's inconceivable."

"I am nevertheless, and here's a few of the little things I want you to do for me. Hearken, Bill Wayne, doctor of science."

"Let me get it straight," Wayne said presently. "I'm to find out everything there is about Rodwell. I'm to get a roomy sedan car and make up like a chauffeur. I'm to break an appointment for dinner and imperil my academic career. Fine, Bob. What else?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"It is not all for myself I ask this," the other replied. "You are also doing it for *Nicolette;* 'gentle maid of merry cheer, hair of gold and eyes as clear as the water in a mere.'"

"Ah!" cried Wayne, "I see, you're in love again!"

"I have never been in love before," said his friend. "I have imagined I was."

WHILE the Southgates were at dinner that evening Sarah Jackson, an upstairs maid, was summoned to the telephone by some one saying he was a friend of Mr. Rodwell. She was admonished to stick to her story about the ring no matter who questioned her. At nine o'clock she was to slip out of the grounds and wait at the corner opposite the mail box. Mr. Rodwell's friend—a lawyer—would drive up in a closed car with a reward of fifty dollars and further instructions.

Sarah Jackson was delighted. Her first distress at having involved Miss Garth had passed in the thought—for she was miserly—that whenever she needed money Walter Rodwell would not dare refuse.

She had no difficulty in stealing unobserved from the house and entered a closed car which stopped at the indicated spot. The pleasantly spoken gentleman whom she believed to be Rodwell's lawyer led her to discuss the matter of the ring. This she did with indiscreet amplifications. She was still talking when the motor stopped before a fine house. It was here she inferred she would meet Mr. Rodwell. A marked fifty dollar bill was in her handbag.

The maid was shown into a big room. Garth and his daughter faced her. Panic stricken, she turned to run away. But the pleasantly spoken gentleman had other ideas.

"No, Sarah," he said; "if you run outside you will run into the arms of the police." He made a large gesture which gave Sarah the idea that she was hemmed in by constables.

"Here she is," said Robert Worden cheerfully. "We have her story, which will be corroborated by the chauffeur. She has also a marked fifty dollar bill I paid her as Rodwell's pretended agent. All she has to do is sign and write a truthful account of what took place."

"Not for you nor nobody," snapped Sarah.

Worden turned to the cotton broker.

"I think we'd better send for the police. They have methods of getting such confessions." He smiled at Sarah as he said, "I suppose you've read about the third degree?"

The woman saw that she was trapped. She had a mean, crafty face, and her feigned indignation soon gave way to a piteous appeal to save her from the police. She was writing her confession when Worden started on his more difficult errand.

"Keep her here till I come back," he said to Zoe.

The girl looked at him through thick lashes.

"You are doing this all for my sake!" she murmured. "I think you are wonderful." She did not see that her father had drawn near.

"He is doing it for five thousand dollars," said Shipway Garth brutally. "This is a business matter with him. He blots out all memories of former clients when he enters the employ of a new one. You will be blotted out, Zoe; so, fortunately, shall I." He turned to Worden with a malicious smile. "I think I quoted you correctly?"

"It will be very hard to grow used to you," Worden retorted.

"I think you are abominably rude," Zoe stormed to her father after Worden had gone.

WALTER Rodwell marched along the quiet streets of Cambridge reflecting upon that noble work of God, the thoroughbred horse, when a man of very much his own age and height stopped him.

"I beg your pardon," the stranger began, "but I'm taking a gamble that you're not an elder of the Presbyterian church, a good government crank, or a prohibition agent."

"You win," said Rodwell. "I'm none of those things. What of it?"

"Simply this," the plausible Worden answered; "I've lost a slip of paper with the address of a quiet house where a man who'd made a bit on the ponies could sit in at a poker game and gargle his throat with some of the real pre-war stuff. Of course, you wouldn't know?"

"You lose, this time," said Rodwell. "I do know; I'm on my way there now for very much the same reasons. I played Mountain of Light at a hundred to eight." Rodwell had sized up the other. He saw a well dressed man with charm of manner and distinction beyond the average. "I'll take you there," he added.

"This is certainly my lucky day," Worden cried. "My car is at the corner. Why walk when we can be making money?"

Walter Rodwell, secure in the academic calm that lay about him and the tradition of safety in the neighborhood, stepped into a big sedan. It was driven by a chauffeur in livery, who answered his master in French. Rodwell was suddenly conscious of something which dropped over his head. It was a coiled rope and he was trussed neatly and securely, while a sack was slipped over his head. When he tried to speak he found the sack, which was neither new nor clean, filled his mouth with dirt.

Before crossing the river Worden telephoned to Zoe.

"I've sent for old Southgate to come to your house," he informed her. "Keep him there till I arrive. Also have the front door open and the hall lights out."

It was easy for Worden and Wayne to carry Walter Rodwell into the Garth library, where an uncomfortable group waited.

There was old John Southgate, who had drawn his raiment about him as one would in a house of pestilence. There was frightened Sarah Jackson and pompous Shipway Garth. And Zoe was there wondering if her new hero would make good his promise.

Zoe gave a little shriek when a chauffeur and Worden carried in a man whose hands were tied and whose head was in a potato sack.

"Whom have we here?" Southgate demanded.

"Remove his casque, Jules," Worden commanded.

"This," said he, "is Walter Rodwell, who bribed Sarah Jackson to fake a telephone message and accuse Miss Garth of the theft of a ring. Observe his remorse. Look at the furtive eyes. Jules, remove the gag and see he doesn't get you in the thumb with those teeth."

"Is this true?" John Southgate demanded.

There was a dignity about the old man. Walter Rodwell's eyes fell before him.

"My poor Janice," Southgate continued. "I think this will break her heart." He turned to Worden: "I don't know your name, sir, but there may come a day when I can no doubt thank you for having saved my daughter. Where is that ring—give it back to him."

At a signal, Wayne, who had acted as Jules the chauffeur, untied Rodwell's hands. Robert Worden thought it very likely that he might be attacked, but Rodwell took the ring, glared at the group, and walked to the door.

"As for you," he shouted to Worden, "look out. Even if my lawyer advises me not to bring suit, I'll make you sorry for this."

"Impossible," Worden said blithely. "But for you my search for *Nicolette* might have taken years more." He turned to Wayne: "See that he really does get out of the house. Then take the Jackson woman wherever she wants to go and come back for me." The chauffeur started to do his bidding.

"I'll attend to Rodwell," exclaimed Garth grimly. He took the younger man's arm with a grip that could not be broken. But Rodwell was not meditating violence here. His one desire was to keep the facts of the broken engagement from his invalid mother.

LEFT alone with the girl, Robert Worden felt unaccountably ill at ease. He did not understand the look on Zoe's face.

"*Nicolette,* what's the matter?" he asked. "Father said you are not a detective."

"He spoke the truth. I'm not. But why look sad about that?"

"Because it seems terrible that any one as clever as you, and so, so different, should take up that sort of life."

"I wonder what I said to him?" Worden meditated. "I have at times what my father calls a rush of words to the head. Only clever people can understand me. You could. You will always be able to pick the wheat from the chaff. My mother can. Fathers are different."

"One can't expect you to convict yourself,"

THE ENIGMA OF YOUTH

Two honor students at one of the largest universities in the United States, both sons of rich and prominent families, recently confessed to kidnaping and killing the fourteen year old son of one of their millionaire neighbors in a fashionable residential district of Chicago.

Neither of the confessed slayers is yet out of his teens. Both, from infancy, have enjoyed every luxury, every educational advantage. They were known among their instructors and their friends alike for their exceptional mental brilliance. Yet, for a motive which will dwarf the imagination of the average adult, they have brought disgrace upon their families and themselves, and they stand in the shadow of the gallows.

Their crime is ascribed to their desire to know life to the uttermost—actually to experience the ultimate in human sensations, as suggested to them in erotic, psycho-analytic literature. And the ultimate, as it is said they interpreted it, was the emotion of taking a human life.

"The Direst Murder in the History of Chicago"

is a startling disclosure of the effect on youth of recent trends in education and morals, and of the possible declining influence of the home.

Under the above title, LIBERTY will begin publication in its next issue of a complete analysis, by Genevieve Forbes, of this amazing crime and the odd motives which prompted it. Miss Forbes' series of three articles will cast a vivid light upon certain tendencies of youthful thought and liberated emotionalism, at which every one may well look with astonishment and alarm.

"Whom have we here?" Southgate demanded——

Zoe answered, "but it seems such a terrible thing. A life such as yours can lead nowhere."

"That's where you are wrong. I shall be a bank president when I am forty."

"You told father you were a criminal who cared nothing for laws."

"Was that all?" Worden seemed relieved. "I've reformed, absolutely. You may consider me in the banking business."

"If it were only as easy as that," she sighed.

Worden looked at her with a new tenderness. There was no question but that her father had led her to believe he was an adroit criminal, ready for any adventure outside the law which promised good payment.

"My dear," Worden whispered, "if I could put back the clock and be again as decent and honest as even your father desired in a son-in-law, would you be happy? *Nicolette,* are you crying?"

She looked at him steadily. He thought her eyes were like the quiet stars after the rain had gone. Never in all her pleasant, care-free life had she been so miserable.

"I wonder just how silly and weak you will think me if I say it would mean a great deal."

"O, *Nicolette,*" he said, and kissed her white hands.

Shipway Garth marched Rodwell to the head of the ten stone steps and kicked him into the street. So much interested was the chauffeur that he did not notice Sarah Jackson had slipped away in the darkness.

GARTH looked at Wayne in no friendly fashion.

"You saw what happened to him? Well, I am about to pay another young man the sum of forty-five hundred dollars for services rendered. If he strives to remain and ingratiate himself with my daughter he will follow Rodwell down those steps."

"I don't think I'd do it if I were you," said the chauffeur dispassionately. "He has about the quickest right cross I've ever seen in an amateur. Those rowing men hit like steers when they've learned a few boxing tricks."

"A rowing man?" queried Garth, who had stroked his crew at Harvard. "Who's a rowing man?"

"Carrington is. Robert Worden Carrington, who made the Yale crew in his freshman year."

"Who the devil are you?" snapped Garth.

"My name's Wayne. I tutored Bob once."

"Wait a bit," Garth ordered. "I remember that Carrington lad. He ran away from Yale to enlist and his father threatened to disinherit him. He got the Croix de Guerre and our D. S. C."

"Right," Wayne said, removing his Gallic mustache, "and his father naturally reinherited him. He always does. Bob's disinherited at the present moment because he won't marry, settle down, and become a banker."

"He deliberately misled me," said Shipway Garth.

"Lucky for you," said Wayne. "It seems to me he has done a great deal for you."

"He did it for money."

Wayne laughed. "Money? People have told me old man Carrington is worth twenty millions."

As the two entered the room Garth saw the only son of Carrington, president of the Agricultural Bank of New York, kissing Miss Garth's hand. He drew back a little and motioned Wayne to make no sound. It seemed that neither *Aucassin* nor *Nicolette* had perceived the intruders.

Garth backed out silently and drew Dr. Wayne with him. For a moment, as he looked at the young lovers, he had visions of his own youth, now so long behind him, and he understood. Wayne saw the hard lines vanish.

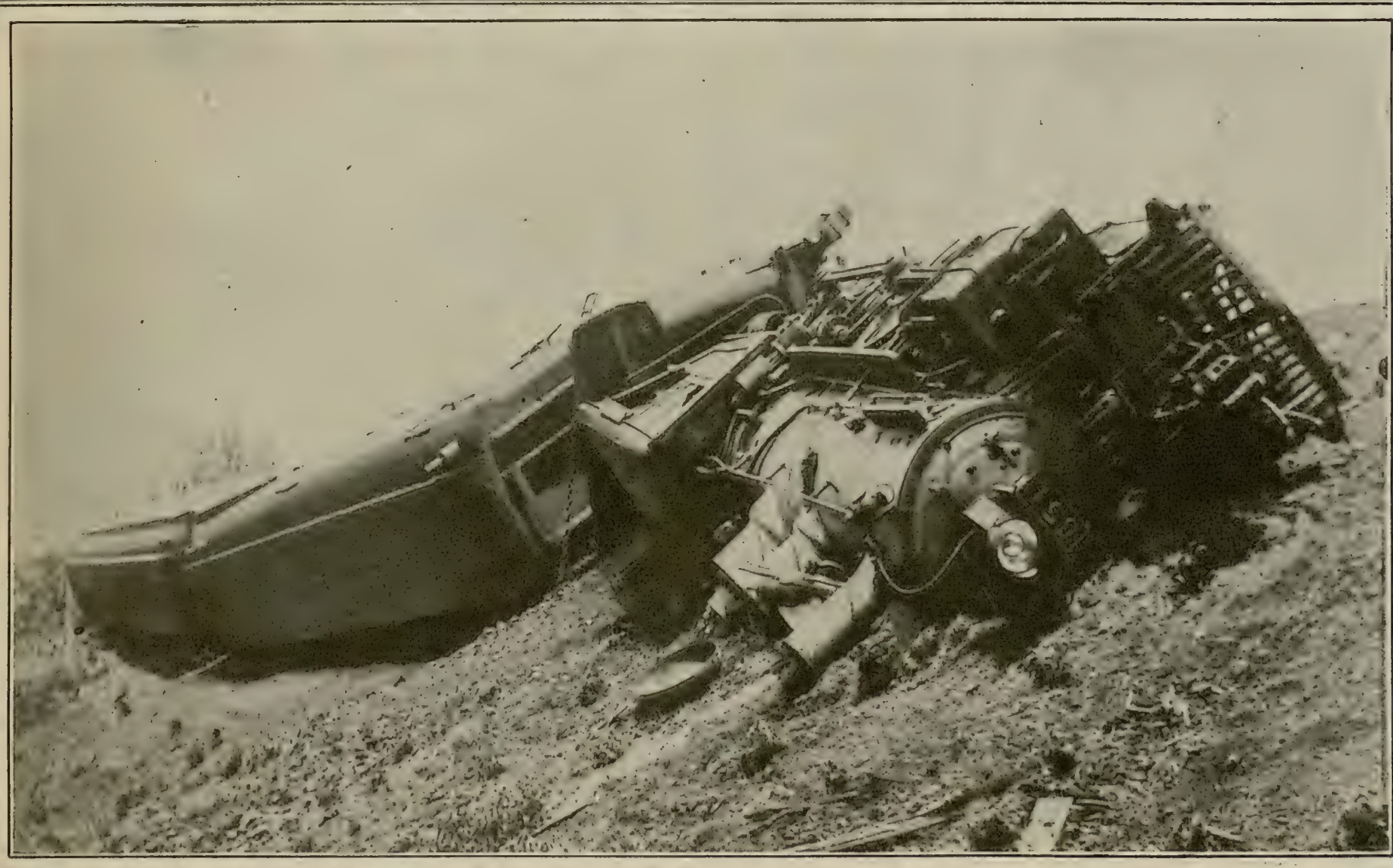
"I won't call her *Nicolette,*" Carrington said, with a touch of his old obstinacy, when they were out of earshot.

"I don't think she'll want you to," Wayne answered.

THE END

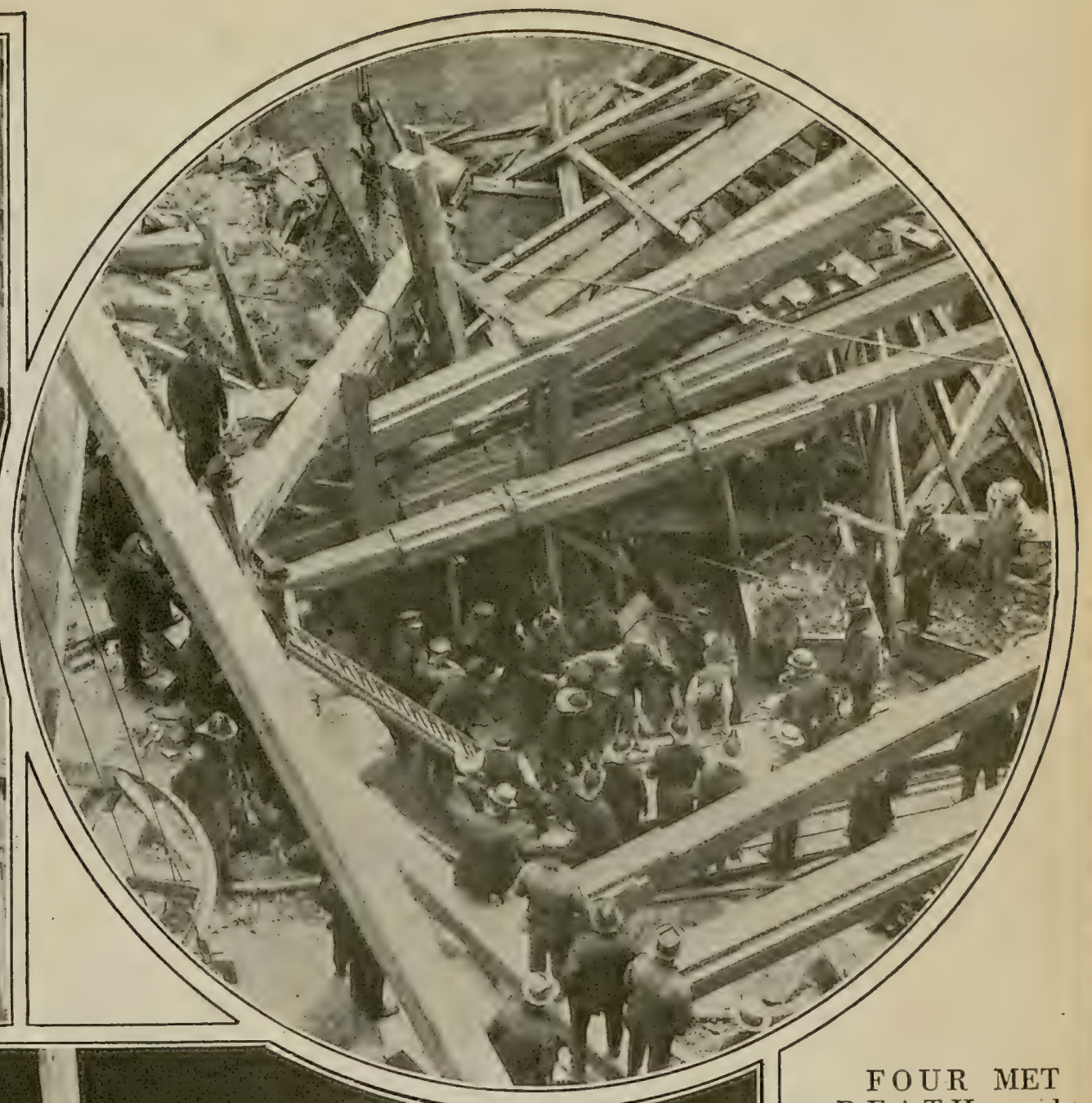
Six Thrilling Lessons in SAFETY FIRST!

A SPARK, caused by the scraping of a lid on a tank car edge, started this St. Paul fire, in which two men were killed, more than 1,000,000 gallons of gasoline were destroyed, and $500,000 damage was inflicted on a storage plant. The picture shows a 2,500 gallon tank exploding. P. & A. Photo.



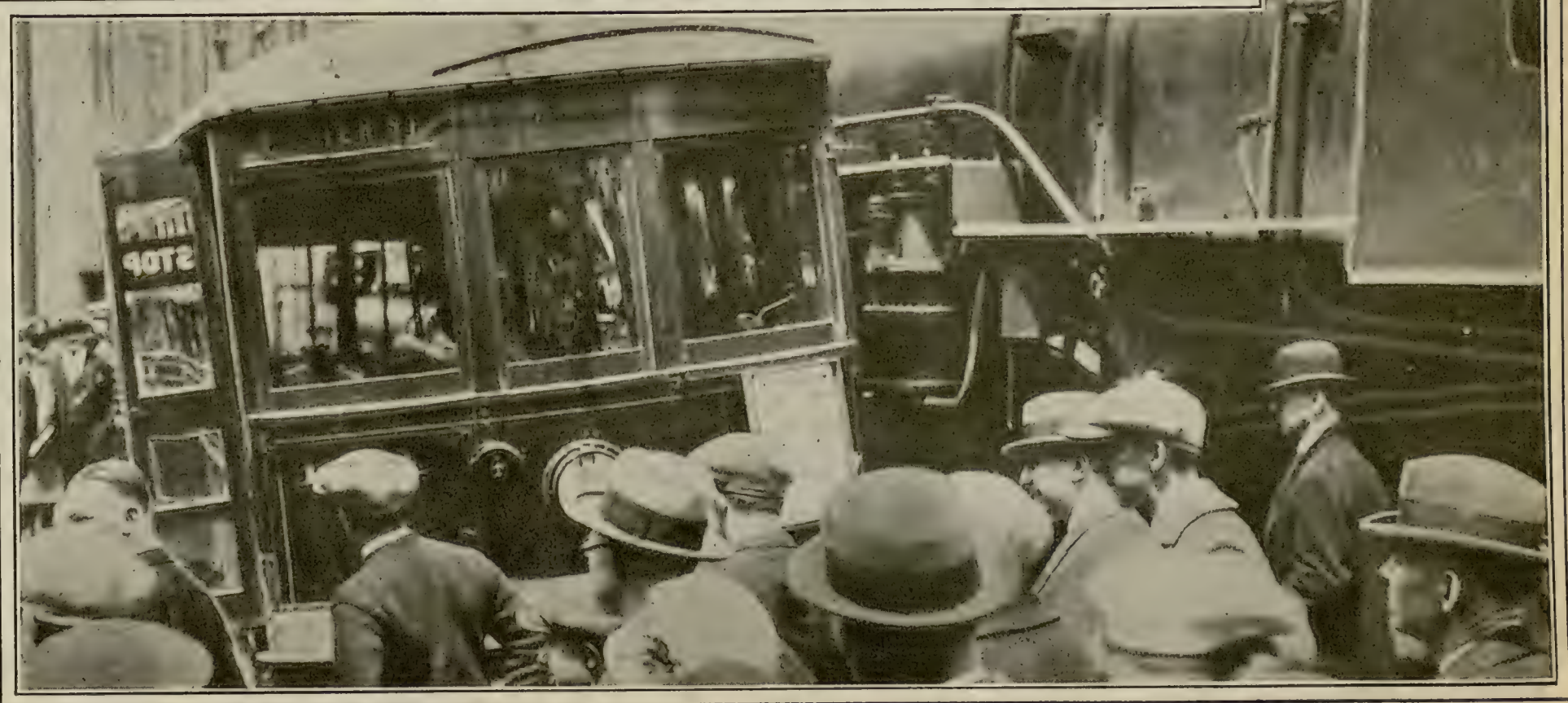
AND NOBODY KILLED! Just after leaving the trestle over the Little Wabash River near Effingham, Illinois, this Wabash passenger train left the rails and the locomotive, tender, and two coaches rolled down the embankment. None of the passengers was injured seriously enough to be taken to a hospital.

AN EXPLOSION in a battery charging plant on the first floor set fire to a hotel in Newark, New Jersey, and brought death to seven men. The picture shows a casket containing one of the victims being lowered to the ground. P. & A. Photo.



FOUR MET DEATH and many were hurt when this structural work on a building under construction half a block from Times Square, New York, collapsed. More than a hundred laborers were pinned beneath the wreckage, and an instant later a big motor truck plunged into the pit of death. P. & A. Photo.

SPEED! Two men were killed and six other persons injured when two speeding autos crashed together at Forest Hills, Long Island. The photograph shows all that was left of one of the cars after the collision. P. & A. Photo



WITH A CRASH THAT WAS HEARD FOR BLOCKS this locomotive ran into this street car at a grade crossing in Elmira, New York. By some fortunate freak those in the street car escaped without injury. P. & A. Photo.

Who "OWNS" The Children?

Disagreements between parents concerning their authority destroy their children's respect, Mr. Kummer asserts.

By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Illustrated by F. VAUX WILSON

WHAT father, no matter how his pride may be flattered, ever felt any deep and consuming love for a two weeks old baby! One flabbergasted parent of triplets is reported to have said to his wife:

"I've caught trout bigger than they are."

But with the mother it is entirely different. She quite properly looks on this tiny, frail, helpless, and very red morsel of humanity as something surpassingly beautiful, and loves it with a fierce and passionate love. She will even go so far as to trace strong family resemblances in its microscopic nose, its rudimentary chin. And because its only impulses are to eat, to sleep, to breathe, it must of necessity depend on her for everything which goes to make up its existence.

As a result the mother rules as undisputed queen of her own little domain, brooking no interference from any one. The father may see his youngsters as they climb out of bed in the morning, and not lay eyes on them again until they are ready to climb back at night, but the mother is with them, during their earlier years, for every one of the twenty-four hours.

If they are vague, almost unknown quantities to him, they are to her the most real and vital things in her life. No wonder she comes to look upon them as her own. Is not hers the influence under which those qualities of heart and mind are developed which are later to be among the child's most priceless possessions? It was Henry Ward Beecher who said:

"The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."

What is learned in the cradle lasts till the grave. Up to the age of six or seven the child does in sober reality "belong" to the mother.

But when the nursery days are over—when the father begins to take a mounting pride in his attractive daughter, his sturdy son—everything is changed. He insists on taking an active part in all matters pertaining to their bringing up, and the mother, to her dismay, finds her little kingdom crumbling, her position as its benevolent despot gone forever.

The father will have ideas about everything—the books that the children should read, the companions they should keep, the schools they should go to. In many instances his ideas and those of his wife will not agree at all. The result is a domestic crisis.

Whose ideas are to prevail? If the mother believes in sparing the rod and the father does not, how is the question to be settled? Should the head of the house fall back upon his ancient prerogatives and attempt to command, he will suddenly find that in the realm of the children he has never had any right to command.

For years his authority has stopped at the nursery door. He has left all questions beyond it, from the temperature of the baby's bath to the prayers it lisps at night to the mother. She has been the sole authority on all matters pertaining to her children's welfare. Is it any wonder that, when now asked to step down, to abdicate, she should resent it? Even when she knows her husband's counsel to be wiser than her own she will resent it, because she has come to feel that *any* outside interference is an invasion of her rights.

It is at this point that the heart of a mother is so often torn between two loves—that for her husband and that for her child. She may even come to feel a certain sense of jealousy as between them, and often—far too often—a conflict results in which her love for her husband goes down in defeat.

Now we must admit that, whatever the merits of any particular case may be, the mother who suddenly finds herself ousted from her position as sole arbiter of her child's destinies faces a very real crisis. She has hitherto been the court of last resort. As a little girl told the writer not long ago, "If my papa says it's so, it's so, but if my mamma says it's so, it's so, even if it isn't so." Now the mother's infallibility begins to be questioned.

"Poor little tacker," she will exclaim, running to comfort the youngster who has fallen down and skinned his knee. "Come to your mummy."

"O, let the kid yell! Don't make a mollycoddle of him. It will do him good to get used to a little pain."

So opines her other half. Two different points of view, of course—the mother's, that of the nursery; the father's, that of a hard and cruel world. Most mothers want to go right on "mothering" their boys, even when the nursery days are past.

THE average father thinks his son can step from swaddling clothes to knickerbockers in a day. Finally, realizing that he has a boy, he wants him to become a man as quickly as possible. The mother, realizing that he is becoming a man only too quickly, wants him to remain a boy—her boy—as long as possible. A natural enough opposition, perhaps, but one which, if not checked, may result either in an open clash, or that far more deadly thing, a silent, relentless, under cover fight.

The writer knows a case in which such a secret struggle for the domination of a child and his affections has grown so bitter that the mother has deliberately gone to work to undermine the boy's respect and love for his father. Day in and day out she pours into his ears the story of her own unselfish devotion, coupled with a recital of his father's shortcomings. As a result the child has become a conscienceless little hypocrite, deferring to his father before his face, ridiculing him behind his back.

On the other hand, witness the beautiful tribute paid to a mother's influence by Benjamin West, the famous artist.

"A kiss from my mother," he said, "made me a painter."

It is a pathetic thing, this war between the parents over the child. Both have his welfare at heart, but their notions of how to promote it are often so very far apart. Not long ago the child of one of the writer's friends, a young scamp of eight, hurled a book at his older sister, in a fit of anger, and cut her slightly on the cheek. The father, outraged by this evidence of uncontrolled temper, rose in his wrath.

"Come here, son!" he said, severely. But the boy, wise from experience, fled precipitately to his mother's arms.

"I'll have a talk with him," she said, and started to lead the youngster away.

"Talking won't do any good," the father said with some heat. "What he needs is a good thrashing!"

"John! Please! I couldn't permit you to strike the child in anger. Come, Johnny," she said, taking the boy by the hand. "I will see that he apologizes."

Apologize he presently did, with his tongue in his cheek, having by reason of his ability to play upon his mother's sympathy escaped the punishment he deserved. He was munching candy a few moments later, as a reward, no doubt, for his "obedience," and had quite evidently been bribed. Perhaps the real fault was not his. Children are almost uncanny in the skill with which they recognize lack of firmness in their parents, and make use of it. The trouble in his case probably had its origin in the cradle. One is reminded of the henpecked father who said feebly:

"I never strike my children except in self-defense!"

Once the nature of the crisis which confronts her is realized, how is the mother to meet it? Certainly not by open disagreements with the father in the child's presence.

Nothing tends so effectively to destroy his respect for both parents. Such questions should always be settled in private, without any knowledge on the child's part that differ-

'Twixt Husband and Child

The Fourth of "The Five Crises In a Woman's Life"

"Poor little tacker," she will exclaim, running to comfort the youngster who has fallen down and skinned his knee. "O, let the kid yell. Don't make a mollycoddle of him," opines her better half.

ences have ever existed. When he comes before both parents, or either of them, for judgment, he should face judges whose authority is never divided.

The boy or girl who hears his parents dispute, let us say, over the harmfulness of eating candy is certain to think that, if his elders cannot agree upon such an important question, he will use his own judgment. And he will conclude, too, with youthful cruelty, that his parents don't know so much, after all.

FOR children are cruel—fearfully so. Not long ago the writer was showing a book to one of his own children, a boy of four. One of the pictures represented some early Christian martyrs about to be devoured by lions. The boy gazed at it, big eyed, with sympathy. Then he pointed to a lion in the background.

"O, Dad," he said. "Look at that poor little lion back in the corner. He won't get any."

In one way, and in one way only, can a woman successfully meet the crisis in her life which centers about the raising of the children. She and her husband must have a heart to heart talk, must agree upon a definite program. From bare feet to birch rod, from cigarets to bobbed hair, there must be unity of counsel always. For it is true of parents, as well as of peoples, that "United they stand, divided they fall."

The best bred children the writer has ever seen belong to a couple whose views on many of the most vital problems in child training were, when they married, diametrically opposite. When the wife came to realize this, which she did as soon as their first child emerged from the nursery, she went to her husband and put the matter squarely before him. He, all unconscious of the storm his interference with her methods had raised, made light of her fears, saying that everything would work out in time, but, wisely, she insisted, and the plan she proposed was this:

Whenever, in dealing with their child, the least shadow of a disagreement arose, one or the other of them was to check it immediately by making use of the cryptic words, "Executive session!" and as soon as possible thereafter the matter in dispute was discussed and settled in private. Sometimes one made concessions, sometimes the other, but whatever the policy finally agreed upon, both undertook to adhere to it until tried out. As a result, these two wise parents not only enjoy the respect and love of their children but the respect and love of each other. And they have worked out a system of child training which embodies most of the good points, and none of the bad, of the preconceived ideas of both.

It is not easy, this task of turning out "a mother's pride, a father's joy." In fact, it is one of the most difficult tasks in the world. But if the wife be patient and wise she will be able to say with Cornelia, "These are my jewels," even though she is not a widow, for in addition to the love of her children she will have the love of her husband as well.

THE END

Selling Booze to Society

How Nerve, a Beard, and an Air of Mystery Made an ex-Dancing Master a Millionaire

By a Bootlegger

Some of the old glamour that we used to attach to smugglers and blockade runners now sticks to the bootlegger

Illustrated by GEORGE O'NEILL

I AM selling booze — and personality. Four years ago I was broke, had no knowledge of business, and my sole asset was a wide acquaintance among the people who frequent Broadway. Today I am clearing about two hundred thousand dollars a year through illegal sales of liquor, chiefly Scotch whisky, and, if I should retire from bootlegging, I could command a big salary selling almost anything.

Today bootlegging is about the most legitimate illegitimate business in the world, and in the New York district I think bootlegging is about the second ranking business, in the amount of money handled.

My principal asset is a wide acquaintance among all classes, and my trade is exclusively with the wealthy and fashionable, and largely with women.

The reason for my success is that I have played fair, have handled the best liquors only, and never have handled "dope" and also that I have given many women a thrill by my boldness.

To most of these society women there is something romantic about bootlegging. They get a kick out of coming in contact with a bootlegger. They feel almost wicked, and think there is something daring and heroic in it.

As a matter of fact, as the game now goes, it is about as romantic as a butcher boy delivering meat. The boys who go out in the fast motor boats, who bring in cargoes from the rum-carrying fleet far at sea, have some exciting times, take risks, and some of the old glamour we used to attach to smugglers and blockade runners sticks to the bootlegger.

It sounds queer to say that I have learned business methods from this illegitimate traffic. Up to four years ago I had no idea of business methods, or salesmanship. My career had been a queer one. The easy money idea had me, as it has the majority of New Yorkers. I had been a commercial artist, not very successful, and usually in financial straits, flush one day, broke the next, and usually living beyond my income. By accident I became a professional dancer, and being a good dancer and having clever partners, made a success, dancing in restaurants and public places for four years. In that way I became acquainted with some hundreds of the Broadway crowd, who are good spenders when they have the money. I worked in pictures, too, but never got anywhere.

WHEN the war started, the dancing craze died quickly, and I enlisted. The night of my last appearance I was doing a trick stunt dance on an autoped, when the thing skidded, and in the crash my leg was broken in three places. They carted me off to a hospital, and I was there four months.

You wouldn't expect an accident like that to wake up a man but it changed my career

and gave me my first big lesson in business. During the four months in the hospital my beard grew long and silky. When I got out it seemed a joke to me to keep the beard and go about the cabarets. I planned to wear it a day or two and then get it off, but the whiskers made such a hit everywhere I went that I realized suddenly that they were an asset.

I capitalized the beard, used it in the movies, and everywhere else. I believe thousands of Broadwayites came to know me. As a tip to men, I want to say that the women fell for that beard, hard. They flocked around me; all sorts of women who never looked at me before sought introductions. Just why it was I don't know, but the beard drew them. I cut it off after getting married. That was my wife's idea.

I REMEMBER the first sale I made. It was to a Wall Street man. It was funny. We both felt guilty, and talked in stage whispers. I told him I knew a man who could get whisky for him. The price was outrageous, but he whispered excitedly and ordered a case of Scotch. I turned the order over to the man who had approached me, he delivered the whisky, and that night I received sixty dollars. I had been making twenty and twenty-five dollars a week—and sixty dollars all in a bunch without work excited me.

I started slipping around and whispering to my acquaintances, and in a week discovered that the customers were hunting me. In those days the bootlegger was pursued by customers. My telephone rang all the time, and people actually begged me to get stuff for them. Women who, it seemed to me, never had taken a drink before, ordered liquor by the case or more. I did not touch the stuff. In fact, until I got into the business I never took a drink and used to lecture my dancing partners about the evils of drinking.

I was merely the middle man for a year, not realizing that the real bootlegger was making a fortune by using my list of acquaintances, and letting me do the selling for him. Of course he took the risk, and in those days it was a real risk. He was paying forty dollars a case for some whisky and selling it at one hundred and forty dollars, and a lot of the stuff was taken out of warehouses on forged permits.

After a year at the game I began to see that, if I was going into the business, I might as well get the profit. It is a queer feeling. I always have regarded myself as a fairly decent and law-abiding man, but somehow I never have been able to realize the fact that bootlegging is wrong. It never seemed like a crime. At first it was an exciting game—outwitting the police. The deeper I got into it, the more like cold business it became.

Much of that time I was handling gin, and right here I want to warn a lot of folks about the stuff which is being sold for gin. At first I sold gin made in England and shipped here in barrels to be bottled. For a long time I thought the stuff was on the level, but I found it isn't.

When I first started handling the stuff myself I used to peep around the corner and scout up and down the street before taking liquor out to the car, but now I have grown so accustomed to it that I walk right out, and almost forget that there is anything unlawful in the transaction. If a fellow acts guilty he gives himself away. Subconsciously I have avoided arrest many times.

Just the other day I was carrying two suitcases full of liquor out to the car and almost bumped into two policemen who were examining the car.

"Give me a hand with this," I said, whereupon one of them helped me lift the heavy bags into the car.

"We're looking over numbers for stolen cars," he explained.

"Glad you're not hunting bootleggers," I remarked. The policemen took it as a joke and paid no more attention to me.

During the four years I have been in this business I never have tried to protect myself by "fixing" police. In fact I have found the police a pretty decent sort of bunch. Only once I gave a policeman a twenty dollar gold piece. It happened like this:

I had a place over a popular restaurant once, and they had an idea that I was connected with the restaurant, which was selling liquor, whereas I was only selling them the goods and making a handsome profit. One day I had an order for a lot of stuff to be delivered for a banquet. We had the stuff in the car, and were ready to drive away when the police appeared.

I explained to them we had gin in the car which we were delivering for a banquet. The policeman seemed puzzled. The last thing I wanted to do was to attract attention and I drew the man into the doorway and explained the situation. I had in my pocket some gold coins which I kept jingling. Meantime I was hoping my helper would have sense enough to drive away. I drew out a handful of twenty dollar gold pieces from my pocket and held them carelessly. Finally the policeman picked out one, and suggested that he might want a drink some day. When we came out of the doorway the car had driven off. That policeman dropped in occasionally and got a bottle of stuff, but he never troubled us again.

But I don't consider that "fixing" a man—it was only making him a swell present.

My customers pay for their faith in me, and I have capitalized their trust. I wouldn't sell any except the best, so my customers are willing to pay me more than they would the average bootlegger.

The trouble with the business lately is that everybody's doing it. Bellboys, porters, taxi drivers—almost anyone will get liquor for anyone who wants it—which, of course, interferes with the regular business and cuts prices.

The women are going in for petit larceny bootlegging and they are the worst of all. They are willing to sell pints and quarts and take small profits, and I have dozens of demands from them for case and half case lots.

IN spite of the fact that I have been a violator of law for years and have made a lot of money I can realize the wrong in the thing. I have no real sense of guilt about selling booze, but every once in a while my conscience, or what is left of it, hurts. For there is a by-product of the bootlegging industry which is all wrong. Some of my associates have gone against it—and we don't know how to handle the situation. I am speaking of "dope"—opium, heroin, and that stuff.

While I haven't any scruples about selling booze I wouldn't handle dope for anything in the world. Yet in fifty per cent of the rum-running deals a lot of dope comes ashore with the liquors. I have had thousands of dollars worth of dope landed with whisky and have been forced to take dope and all or nothing. I wouldn't sell that stuff to anyone. Only a few weeks ago I took about two thousand dollars worth of the stuff and dropped it into the Hudson. Of course I made a profit on the booze and lost on the dope, but I felt better when the dope was gone. Some of the boys will not take that sort of a loss. They turn the dope over to those who retail it.

Helpful Hints on Bootlegging

(Which Should Not, However, Be Practiced by Those Who Wish to Keep Out of Jail.)

By the ex-Dancing Master

Whose Remarkable Story Begins on the Preceding Page.

Bootlegging is the finest School of Salesmanship in the world.

Women are the best Customers, but the hardest to deal with.

Capitalize your Personality.

Cultivate or invent some Distinguishing Feature, so those you meet will always remember you.

Exercise Boldness and Straightforwardness in dealing either with your Customers or the Police

!

Don't get the idea that this is a soft business. I'd be glad to get out of it—and expect to do so. I haven't much self respect left, but would like to get out of it and start selling bed-springs or hair tonic, or anything. I am certain I could do it, because I have learned salesmanship, and have learned to capitalize my acquaintanceship.

THERE is one big difficulty in this game. I remember in school they made me recite a piece about "What a tangled web we weave, when first we learn to deceive." A fellow who has been bootlegging realizes this. In violating one law a fellow must follow through and violate a lot of others. It is impossible to be honest. Take the income tax, for example. I cannot make a report which will show I have made so much money bootlegging.

We know, in this business, that we are liable to be wrecked in a minute. I have a feeling all the time that I may step out of the house—and old Mr. Law will grab me and ruin me. One must take that chance if one is to succeed in selling liquor.

Keeping the money I already have made has become a serious problem. It is liable to confiscation. I don't dare keep it in a bank or a safety deposit vault, for the government could trace it and perhaps seize it. I have mine put away where I am sure no one ever can get hands on it.

As to the future of the business—I don't know. Frankly, I think we always will have smuggling and bootlegging, but now that prohibition has come to stay I believe that the liquor traffic will dwindle steadily. I have a lot of money invested in liquor and have it hidden in a number of different places. If the enforcement people get one cache I'll have the others and a profit.

Between us it is a rotten business. I'm not proud of succeeding in it. In fact I'd rather have some one point at me and say that I was a corking good advertising artist, or a whale of a good ditch digger, than to point at me and say that I made a million bootlegging. I'm proud of the million, but wish it had come by some other means.

THE END

SIZING UP THE BOSS

No Man Is a Hero to His Valet —and No Emperor of Finance Wears a Crown Before the Young Woman Who Takes His Dictation

An Article Every One in Business Should Read

"Here, Miss M—, tell the old fathead that we can't do business that way."

As the Employer Dictated.

"HERE, Miss M—, answer this letter from that old jingle headed idiot, Snoller, out at Davenport. Tell the old fathead that we can't do business that way, and that if he wants to buy from us to come on with the kale and quit kicking. Damned sap thinks he can bull us into giving him two discounts by pretending to be dissatisfied with the goods. His ads show that his sales are increasing and he is playing up our stuff, and then yelling his fat head off. What does he think we are—Santa Claus?"

As the Secretary Wrote It.

The Hon. Francis G. Snoller,
Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the seventeenth received, and your complaint comes as a surprise in view of the fact that our private investigation to determine the results of our selling campaign indicated that our line of goods was proving satisfactory to your trade. We have received several reports expressing satisfaction as well as praise of your service.

We regret very much that our close selling prices and the fact that we shaved our catalogue figures to grant to you, among our other old customers, a shade the advantage on price make it impossible to grant the extra discount suggested in your letter.

Your advertising campaign seems to us excellently conducted and beyond doubt will result in increased demand for our goods. We will be pleased to consider the possibility of further increasing the discount figures when you reorder increased quantities, as you are certain to do if you continue your excellently phrased and displayed ads.

With renewed assurances of our esteem, we are, Sincerely yours,

I HAVE been a secretary and private stenographer for fourteen years and have saved exactly five concerns from ruin. I have made at least three men prosperous and near-famous, and have added to the riches of two others.

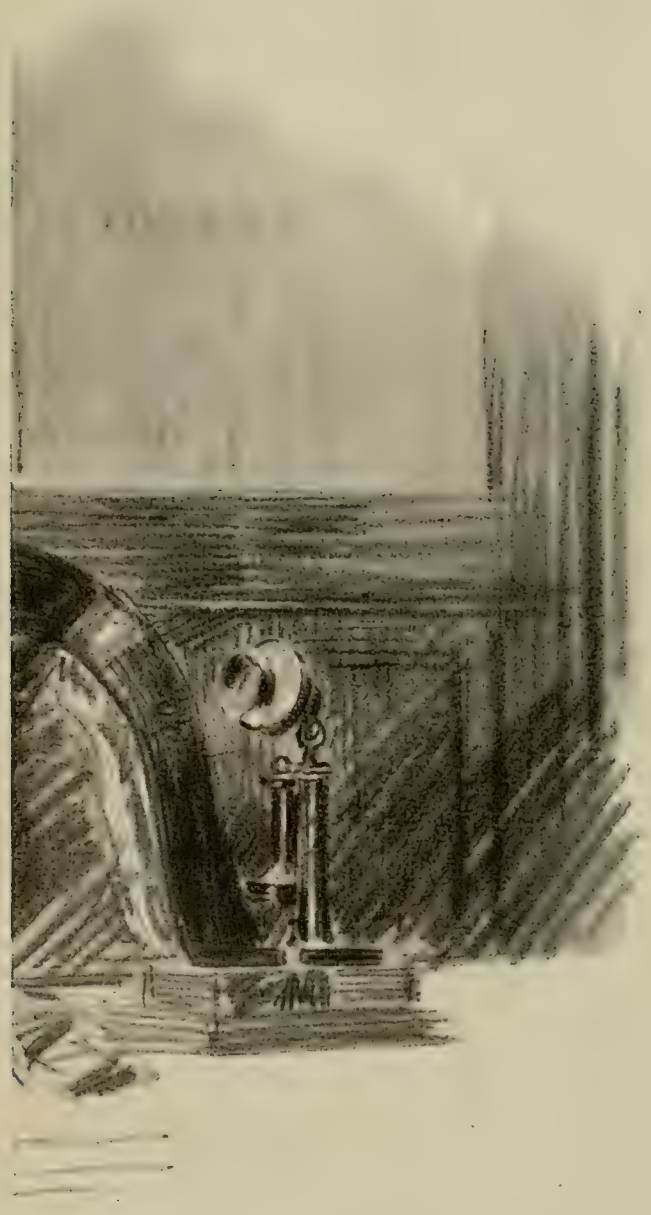
I still am on salary, a comfortable and generous one, I'll admit, but considering the fact that I could have ruined all five of my employers merely by taking shorthand notes as they talked and sending out letters exactly as they were dictated, the salary seems small, although most of the other girls are envious and think I have a sinecure.

No "Emperor of Finance" or "Merchant

—By His Private Secretary

Illustrated by ROBERT G. JONES

The Girl Who Wrote This Narrative Is the Confidential Aid of One of the Nation's Biggest Men. She Knows His Weaknesses and His Strength Better Than He Knows Them Himself



Prince" can wear a crown in the presence of his secretary. In fact, if private secretaries and stenographers permitted themselves to tell the truth about their employers, the employers would dwindle considerably in public esteem. Not that they are not great business men and executives, but they are not half as superior as the public is led to believe they are. And the Boswells of the shorthand brotherhood are more numerous than the Johnsons of business.

When I started to learn stenography it was with some advantages. I had worked at bookkeeping, had some knowledge of office routine, had a fair education and a slight business experience. I was fast, and learning shorthand came easy. In seven months I could take dictation at the rate of one hundred and sixty words a minute, and naturally figured I was an expert.

I had still to learn that putting down what the boss says is the smallest part of the work. So long as one remains a mere stenographer it is necessary to be exact, letter perfect, and to reproduce every word dictated. But, odd as it may seem, that is not the kind of a stenographer the really big employers want. They want secretaries who know their business as well as they do themselves. The really big men of business or finance are, to be frank, a poor lot at dictation, and almost at the mercy of their secretaries.

THE first job I got after acquiring proficiency and speed as a stenographer was with a wholesale coal concern. The head of the company was immensely wealthy. He spent an hour explaining to me the requisites of the job — and admiring my ankles. He could dictate better while eyeing them, it seemed.

I had little experience, but taking letters from him was easy. His letters were all to the coal trade, the expressions were the same, and in addition to a regular stereotyped method of expression he had a very limited vocabulary.

I proved immensely satisfactory, perhaps on account of the ankles. In fact, it was that job which raised me from stenographer to private secretary. He boasted of my speed and accuracy. As a matter of fact, it was like writing a typewriting practice line. But I didn't know it. I could take his dictation two hundred words a minute and never make a mistake. In fact, I could have written the letters almost on a mimeograph, as words, phrases, trade terms, and all were alike and the letters were almost duplicates.

I did not know then what a difference there was in employers. My boss was proud of my speed, and boasted of how many letters we got out a day. He did not even observe that, after learning the trade terms, I could write his letters better than he could. He was merely wasting his time.

That firm went out of business, and I was taken into a better paying job, my employer having urged a friend of his to employ me. This friend was at the head of a big jobbing concern. He was one of those successful men who just happened. He had grown up with the business, had done his own correspondence, and was not used either to a stenographer or private secretary; they scared him. He did not know how to dictate.

WE had great difficulty at first. He mumbled, grew disconnected, and it was hard to follow him. I saw my work was not satisfactory. My old boss came around and asked what was the matter. I told him our teamwork was bad, but it set me thinking. I changed tactics the next day.

"Just tell me what you want to say to this man," I would say. "Maybe I can save you time and trouble."

The employer was relieved.

"Tell this fellow that his goods were shipped on the seventeenth."

Then I would write the letter. After a time he would merely pencil notes on letters and leave the framing of the reply to me. Then he took up golf.

I ran that concern for three years, when an offer of a big position was made me and I got another boss—one who showed me that private secretaries may use as much judgment in selecting bosses as bosses do in choosing secretaries.

I began to observe another thing, in myself and in others, which is that the secretary always reflects the boss, after a time. The secretary suppresses this in the office, but outside acts and talks much like the man for whom she works. This fellow was one who, until I came there, had not dared employ a woman stenographer. There are many men like that. Usually they say they don't like women around an office. As a matter of fact they dare not have them, because they are afraid they will insult them or have to curb themselves.

THIS man had a habit of bawling, yelling at the top of his voice, and commenting all the way through a letter. If I dared write what he actually said both of us would have been in jail for misusing the mails. He took out on me his grouch against men with whom he had business dealings, after he commenced to forget my sex. He told me at the start that he had had half a dozen secretaries, and not one was worth her salary.

He started dictating, waving a letter:

"Tell this bird he ought to be ashamed of himself, letting out a roar like that after the way we carried his account and gave him credit when not another house in the country would."

He roared, walked up and down, and gave me the history of the correspondent in vivid terms. He talked for two or three minutes, then stopped and shouted:

"Why the hell aren't you taking dictation?"

I explained I didn't know he was ready to start. He snorted and raved on. Then I made notes.

When I turned in the letter he again snorted, and said he guessed when he first saw me that I didn't have any sense. He denied he ever said such things, and that I had misquoted him. After a day or two I presented my resignation, and he tamed down and told me not to be touchy, that I'd get into the swing of the thing and learn.

I began to see the system. I listened to his raving, pretended to make notes, caught the salient points, and wrote the letter. I usually used some characteristic phrase of his, which pleased him.

It is hard to work for a man like that—until one gets familiar with his business, his associates, and his customers. He would stop in the middle of a letter and yell "Kill all that" or "Kill that last sentence," and, after a letter was completed, would bawl out, "Tell that fathead so and so" or "Put a paragraph into that letter to that big bum saying so and so."

Naturally I had to know whether Smith was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"A Remarkable 7% Investment"

"A first mortgage on income-earning city real estate—a record of never having caused any investor to lose a dollar—and 7% interest, which you don't often find these days with safety. Isn't that worth looking into?"

Miller First Mortgage Bonds, paying up to 7%, have solved the investment problem for thousands of people living in every state. Does this rate, with assured safety, appeal to you? Sign below, tear out this advertisement and mail (no obligation) for booklet,

"Creating Good Investments"

G. L. MILLER & CO.
INCORPORATED

3907 CARBIDE AND CARBON BUILDING
30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis Buffalo
Atlanta Memphis Knoxville

No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar in Miller Bonds

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....3907 C. G. I.

"Advertising-ly Speaking"

WE attach to the phrase *"editorially speaking"* the viewpoint of men who interpret public opinion and convey to us its significance. The phrase *"advertising-ly speaking"* is also fraught with meaning. America has the highest standards of living in the world because it is the most progressive in accepting improvements. The major reason for this is *advertising*.

And far from increasing a product's cost to the consumer, advertising lessens it! Thirty years ago a certain manufacturer started advertising a camera which took a two and one-half inch picture and sold for twenty-five dollars. Today, by virtue of his national advertising, he sells a much better camera for *two* dollars. Surely the people who take the snapshots are benefited!

We believe that advertising is just as essential to the welfare of American homes as it is to the success of American business. The advertising pages of Liberty deserve the new visibility we have given them!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

the "fathead" or the "bum," or whether Jones was so rated by him. If I got the "fathead" paragraph into the "bum" letter, or vice versa, there was trouble. If I inquired which was meant, the boss got sore and thought I should know without asking.

I got out of his employ as quickly as possible.

The next man for whom I worked was even more trying. He was one of those precise, exacting men who dictated very slowly, selected his words, thought over every sentence, and even dictated punctuation.

He believed that women are inferior to men and was almost insulting in his attempts at condescending gallantry.

He boasted a great deal about his education and seized every opportunity to parade it.

He wasted a tremendous lot of time, his letters lacked punch, and, while they were clear and scholarly, they did not bring business. I think he wasted more than half his day composing scholarly letters to business associates.

He dictated his letters to his wife with the same care. In fact, he dictated all personal correspondence, even the most intimate, and was the only man for whom I ever worked who could dictate a loving letter to his wife and, as if that reminded him of something, dictate a mushy sort of carefully worded, guaranteed non-damage suit letter to another woman a minute later.

Which shows how much employers trust their secretaries. That is an odd thing. I have worked for five men, and three of them dictated their most intimate letters, and one had me write his love letters for him—illicit ones, too, and explained that he didn't like women secretaries because they were liable to talk about such things, and kept right on.

THAT man was worth millions, had high standing, scarcely knew me, and yet almost placed himself at my mercy. Suppose a blackmailer had taken hold of that correspondence!

The great trouble with the work of private secretary for a big corporation or for any special line is monotony. To take regular form letters day after day, always on the same subject, always couched in the same terms, and using the same trade jargon, gets tiresome. I saw little chance of advancing, and when I received an offer from a man whose name is well known all over America I jumped at it. I have held this job five years—and the wonder is that I got past the first week.

This man is one of the fastest talkers in the world, and when he develops a plan his words flow close to one hundred and seventy-five to the minute, and he can hold that gait as long as the train of thought chances to last.

His vocabulary is marvelous. I estimate he uses close to seven thousand five hundred words, and that he constantly springs new ones. If he cannot think of the word needed, he invents one. His mind simply flashes ideas, and, once started, he is a torrent of words.

MY present work is tremendously interesting. The letters are seldom twice on the same subject, and range from world politics to the most common subjects. My employer dictates all his personal notes and can shift from highbrow, classical English to the latest slang in a second.

I mentioned the fact that private secretaries get to resemble their bosses. It is inevitable. I got to be a regular dumb-bell and bromide on two jobs. Now I find myself reflecting, if not imitating, my employer outside the office.

He is an extremely interesting man and has the greatest memory of any person I have ever met.

He has been a liberal education. In fact, I think private secretaries who are capable and will work have the biggest chances to advance of any one in a big organization. They learn, develop, and broaden, and if lucky enough to work for and with a really big man will absorb enough to qualify for a bigger job. It has been a post-graduate college course for me.

There are times when the work is trying and wearying, and with some of these determined, hard driving men it is hard to keep control of nerves and temper.

They do not mean to be inconsiderate, but most of them are. They are so intent on what they are doing that they often overlook the fact that maybe they are wearing out their secretary. If they do realize they are driving you too hard, they are remorseful immediately.

They drive themselves just as hard. Sometimes, under heavy strain, nerves are liable to snap—and usually these big men are big enough to overlook it.

I remember one night in a heavy press of work. We were still at it at two o'clock in the morning, all tired out, nervous, and irritable. I was taking dictation of a tremendously long communication which had to be finished that night. The boss was reading and interjecting comment. I grabbed a finished sheet and started into the next office.

"What's that last sentence?" he barked.

"This is a hell of a place to work," I read, and then, with sudden irritation, I added, "and I damned well agree with him."

He stared an instant, threw back his head, and howled with laughter, and after that laugh it was easy to finish the work.

THE END

"My goodness! Look!"

ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE

A Thrilling Serial Novel — *By George Barr McCutcheon*

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," etc., etc.

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

(For synopsis of preceding chapters see page fifty-four)

Can a man love five beautiful girls all at once — and equally as well? Romeo Egerton faces this problem in the following installment of Mr. McCutcheon's fascinating serial

THE sun came out bright and clear the next morning. The world was green and moist and as clean as a pin. It was miraculously young again. In due time Elijah Bounce came hobbling up to the kitchen porch, grunting dolefully and favoring his left leg with every step he took. Hester was getting breakfast. Romeo lounged hungrily on the steps.

"Where's Mrs. Barron?" inquired Elijah, eyeing the young man severely. "Never mind. You needn't answer. Just tell her I want to see her. Tell her I got a message for her."

"A message? From whom, Mr. Bounce?"

"None of your derned business." A startled expression came into his sharp little eyes. "Say, breakfast ain't over, is it?"

"No, Mr. Bounce."

"Good!" exclaimed the ancient, making no secret of his relief. He sniffed the air noisily. "Ham a-fryin'! Coffee b'ilin'! Yes, sir, as I was sayin' before, I got it mighty bad in my left knee this mornin'. Comes from bein' out in the dampness late last night."

Romeo started. He eyed the old man with a new interest. A slow grin of comprehension broke over his face as he arose from the steps.

"I will tell Mrs. Barron you are here," he said over his shoulder.

A few minutes later Mrs. Barron stood on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

the porch. Romeo was at her side.

"Good morning, Elijah. What is it you want?"

"Let's step over there by the fence, so's—so's we can be private," said Elijah, with a hard look at Romeo. "It's a personal matter."

"This will do very well," said she. "I have no secrets from Romeo. What is the message?"

He shook his head dubiously.

"Well, all right. If it gets too personal, just stop me. I saw him last night and had a long talk with him. We——"

"Where did you see him?"

"Where'd I see him?" he cried in astonishment. "Why, in the graveyard, of course. Where else would I see him?"

"At what time?"

"The—the reg'lar time," said he sharply. "Twelve o'clock. Midnight. Philemon, he sidled up to me last night while I was settin' on his grandfather's grave, and sets down beside me. Rachel, she wasn't nowhere in sight. He was all alone, and he 'peared to be sad, like as if he had somethin' on his mind. He says to me, says he, 'Elijah, I want you to do me a favor.' 'All right,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I want you to go around early in the mornin', before breakfast, and tell my widow that I have decided to turn over a new leaf. I'm never goin' to see that girl again. I'm through with her. I want you to tell my widow that I'm goin' to be true to her from now on, 'cause she's the only girl I ever loved. This here Harmon girl makes me sick. She——' What say, Mrs. Barron?"

MRS. BARRON was shaking her finger at him.

"You venomous old liar!" she cried shrilly. "I was in the graveyard myself last night at twelve o'clock. And so was Romeo. You—you dreadful, horrible old scalawag!"

She turned and went into the kitchen, leaving Mr. Bounce standing as if petrified, his lower jaw sagging, his whiskers absolutely still for once. Romeo waited for him to recover from the overpowering, unexpected shock. It took a good many seconds for the truth to fix itself in Elijah's slow working brain. When it finally did, however, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, addressing the kitchen door:

Catching Up with Romeo

HERE is what has happened to Romeo Egerton, hero of George Barr McCutcheon's notable serial, up to this time. Read it and you will be up to date.

Romeo Egerton, tutor for the two Oglethorpe boys, and Eulora, lovely daughter of Oswald Oglethorpe, the millionaire, make up their minds to elope when Mr. Oglethorpe refuses to consent to their marriage. Romeo goes to Blackville Junction to await Eulora, but shortly after midnight receives a letter saying she has changed her mind because her father plans to present her with a runabout as a birthday present.

Refusing to play second fiddle to an automobile, Romeo decides to put her out of his life forever.

He becomes involved in a quarrel between Antietam Craig and has nephew, Ferdinand Hadberry, and knocks Ferdinand down. Ferdinand leaves. Mr. Craig explains that the young man is deserting his post as manager for the entertainment enterprises of the five Barrons and also is leaving his wife Susannah, one of the lovely sisters. Susannah, Craig explains, had been married to Hadberry to save her sisters from this fate (Ferdinand had been in love with all five), and had then scorned her husband.

Romeo agrees to become manager for the girls and on the way to the Barron home Craig tells him the story of deserted Moon Village and its nine remaining population—Mrs. Philemon Barron, the five sisters, their two servants, and old Elijah Bounce, the sexton.

Arriving in Moon Village, Romeo finds the five Barrons more than justify their reputation as beauties, and concludes he's going to like his job. He gives up the idea of being a hermit on Eulora's account.

One night, while a storm is brewing, the aged Mrs. Barron awakens him and he accompanies her to the graveyard to watch for a tryst between the ghost of her husband and that of a girl who committed suicide for love of him. The ghosts fail to appear, but Romeo and his employer have an exciting race with the storm.

"What a derned fool I was to tell her before breakfast."

"OUR opening date is August 30, Romeo," announced Susannah, as they sat down to breakfast. "Only ten days off. We start the season at Appleville. It is about thirty miles from here. We take in Cobbett's Crossing also on this trip. I think you'd better take Tessie out for a spin today, just to get familiar with her. Tessie balks once in a while, like a mule."

"Suppose we all go out with Romeo for a trial trip," said Elizabeth.

"I think it will be great fun," said Susannah. He gave her a quick look, and was at once satisfied that there was nothing malicious in the remark. There were times when he imagined that Susannah was a trifle sarcastic. At such times he was positive that he did not like her quite as much as he did the others. "Yes, we will all go out with you. I don't believe Tessie would know how to behave if she were to go out entirely empty."

Tessie behaved very well. She may not have accepted Romeo as a member of the family, but she immediately recognized him as her master. She obeyed him without a murmur. As he whirled her into the barn lot on the return from the "spin" she actually backfired a rousing salute to her commander.

"I think we have found a treasure in you, Romeo," said Susannah.

"He makes old Ferdinand look like I don't know what!" shouted Cornelia. "Say, do you know what Sue said a few minutes ago? She said she wouldn't trade you for ten Ferdinands. Didn't she, girls?"

Susannah smiled very charmingly.

"And just think, we got you in exchange for only one Ferdinand," she said. "It doesn't seem quite fair, does it?"

His cheeks reddened. "I can't understand your attitude toward Ferdinand," he said boldly. "He wasn't merely a hired man. He was a member of the family. He was married to you, so that certainly puts him on a——"

"The trouble with Ferdinand was that he really wanted to marry all of us," said Susannah, calmly. "He came right out and said that he couldn't to save his life, choose the one he wanted most. You would think a man would know his own mind about such a thing as that; now, wouldn't you?"

"But do you think that Ferdinand was weak, Romeo, just because he wanted to marry all five of us?" inquired Nancy.

"Not at all," said he promptly. "I can't imagine anything nobler than his eagerness to sacrifice himself so completely, rather than cause a single heartache among you. I think it was kind and generous and unselfish of him. Just think how unhappy he was, with only one of you for a wife. He might have been just five times as miserable, five times as lonely."

"Tush!" exclaimed Susannah, a dark flush spreading over her face. There were also signs of storm in her eyes. "Don't try to be funny, Romeo. Be good enough to remember your manners. We did not employ you as a jester."

It was like a slap in the face. The grin froze on his lips. He bowed stiffly.

"I beg your pardon, Susannah," he said quietly. "I should have known better. Please forgive my lack of good taste. It sha'n't occur again."

SHE looked him coldly in the eye for a few seconds; suddenly the lower lip trembled, her eyes filled, a shamed smile struggled briefly for life and died. She whirled on her heel and walked swiftly away. No one spoke until she disappeared into the house. Romeo turned to

the other girls. He was amazed to find all of them regarding him with something akin to fury in their eyes.

"I—I thought we were all joking about——" he began defensively.

It was Martha who interrupted him. "Don't you ever dare to make sport of her again. Don't you ever dare to——"

"I wouldn't have offended her for the world," he broke in earnestly, almost pleadingly. "She is so fine and lovely and—and gentle. I guess I hurt her pretty badly. But, doggone it, girls, I—I didn't mean to hurt her. I did not realize that she took her marriage seriously. In fact, Mr. Craig told me she didn't. He——"

"She does take it seriously," said Elizabeth, the first to melt a little. "We all take it seriously. That's the trouble, Romeo. Sometimes we try to make light of it, and she joins in with us, but—but it was a terrible mistake. She is tied to that horrid Ferdinand for life, don't you see? And she's almost as young as we are—she's only a girl. There is no escape for her. We—I mean the family—do not believe in divorce. Now you understand."

"I can't bear to think that I have spoiled what started out to be a perfect day," he lamented.

"You haven't," said Martha, sedately. "I am going to take you through the inn after dinner—top to bottom. You will go wild over the queer old furniture and things. If you say the day has been spoiled after that, I'll never speak to you again."

They trotted off, and Romeo was left to his own reflections. Presently he heard them going off to the secluded spot in the woods where they practiced their new dances. They were laughing and singing, as gay as the birds in the trees. He knew where the place was, but he had been given to understand that his presence as a spectator would not be tolerated.

He had got into the habit of killing time by strolling about the deserted village. He indulged his habit now.

Returning from his jaunt, he came to the graveyard. He had passed it on the way out, but had failed to notice it. Now he concluded to go in and read the epitaphs on the tombstones of the Barrons. He thought perhaps he could get a little amusement, not to say cheer, out of that.

Elijah Bounce was there. He was stretched out on the ground in the shade of a spreading willow tree. He sat up and squinted at the young man.

"I'm not a spook, Mr. Bounce," called out Romeo, grinning.

"I see you ain't," said Elijah.

"Seen any lately?" asked Romeo.

Elijah lowered his voice. "I don't expect you to believe me, but I *did* see something mighty queer last night."

"At the witching hour of midnight, I suppose."

"No, sirree. It was along about nine o'clock, and it wa'n't here in the buryin' ground either. It was up yonder by the inn. Settin' on a log. I see it as plain as the nose on my face."

"Did you stop to speak to it?" asked Romeo, vastly amused.

"I was in kind of a hurry to get home," said Elijah, "so I just kept on runnin'."

"You really ought not to be running around Moon Village at night like this, Mr. Bounce," said Romeo, severely. "You'll get talked about."

"O, you get out! I'm not makin' this up, young feller. It's a fact. I can't say positive whether it was a male or a female spirit settin' on that log. Far as that goes, it might have been both. I walked down there this mornin' and took a look at that log. Well, sir, that ghost was a great smoker, believe me or not. I picked up fourteen cigaret corpses layin' around in the grass."

"Yes; but, you see, I don't smoke cigarets, Mr. Bounce," said the young man, accepting the implied challenge.

"Well, by Godfrey! Who do you suppose it was if it wa'n't you?"

Romeo was serious. "It must have been a tramp. I don't like the idea of tramps hanging around——"

"I was kind of sure it was you and one of the girls settin' out there——"

"Well, it wasn't," jerked out Romeo, reddening. "You ought to know the young ladies well enough, Mr. Bounce, to—to know that they don't do such things."

"What's wrong with settin' on a log?" demanded Elijah. "It's a whole lot more respectable than these here newfangled hammocks the girls have got strung up out in the orchard."

"I haven't seen any hammocks in the orchard," said Romeo in surprise.

"They took 'em down when the mosquitoes got bad, and I guess maybe it ain't been worth while to put 'em up again. 'Specially as they all 'peared to take a dislike to that young Hadberry feller. I suppose more'n likely it was a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'm sorry, Romeo, if I hurt you," she said softly.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

tramp I see last night, seein's it wa'n't you. What's your hurry, bub?"

"It's getting on toward dinner time," replied Romeo, hastily, as he strode away.

Elijah followed with considerable spryness.

"All of them girls used to set on that log with Ferdinand——" he began.

"It's nothing to me—absolutely nothing, Mr. Bounce."

"I mean one at a time, not all of 'em at once," explained the old man. "By Godfrey, the way you're hurryin', it must be *past* dinner time."

He gave up in despair and fell far behind the long legged athlete, grumbling angrily to himself.

So there were hammocks in the orchard in Ferdinand's day? And they sat on the log in the moonlight with him, did they? Well! No wonder Ferdinand couldn't decide which he—here Romeo's mind took a prodigious leap backward. He never had sat upon a log with Eulora in the moonlight, but he had sat upon a rustic bench—once hallowed bench—with her, and, O, how wonderful those stolen hours had been!

AT this point something happened that played havoc with all his thoughts. The five Barrons came into view, emerging from the woods above the house. They caught sight of him and waved a joyous greeting. He forgot the honeymoon and hurried on to join them.

They seemed strangely to shut out the rest of the world from him; there was nothing outside the enchanted ring they drew about him.

Susannah thrust her arm through his. "I am sorry, Romeo, if I hurt you," she said, softly. "Let's be friends again."

He pressed her arm against his side and smiled hazily down into her uplifted eyes.

"O, gee!" he gulped. "I wish you wouldn't feel badly about it. It's all right. Absolutely. And, anyhow, I hurt you first. I—I ought to be kicked off the place, Susannah. I certainly ought. Do you really want us to be friends after what I——"

"Of course I do!" she cried. "I couldn't bear the thought of our being anything else."

Elizabeth giggled. "You can take that in two ways, Romeo," she said, cryptically, as she slipped her warm hand through his other arm, granting him a fresh thrill. Then, changing the subject, "We sha'n't be able to give the 'Dance of the Nymphs' after the weather turns cold. It must be done out of doors, you see, where there's loads of room. Wouldn't it be wonderful, girls, if we could do it on the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House?"

"Who knows?" cried Romeo, exalted. "Maybe you will some day."

They were come to the house by this time. Martha lagged behind.

"Don't forget about the inn, Romeo," she reminded him, looking out of the corner of her eye.

Martha was twenty, next to the last of the five Barrons. There were times when Romeo unhesitatingly declared to himself that she was the prettiest one of them all.

He was in high feather as they started off for the inn, although conscious of a slight sense of disappointment because of the utter lack of interest or envy on the part of Martha's sisters, who lounged sleepily on the side porch, where Elizabeth was reading aloud from a magazine. He had rather counted on a bit of chaffing.

Yet they were half way down the road to the inn before Martha spoke.

"I wish I could make you out, Romeo," she said, slowly. "You are so deep and inscrutable. You—is that the right word?"

"Inscrutable?" he almost gasped. "You—you think I am deep and inscrutable?"

"If inscrutable is the right word. Is it?"

"Yes. I mean—that is—er—why do you think I am deep and inscrutable?"

"I can't explain, Romeo. All I know is that you are simply baffling at times."

"Baffling?" he repeated, staring.

"Absolutely," she assured him, with great earnestness.

He eyed her with sudden suspicion, not to say misgiving. "Look here, Martha," he said, "are you spoofing me?"

Spoofing was a word derived from the English of Miss Eulora Oglethorpe, who considered it vastly more elegant than "josh-ing," its American synonym.

"We all think you are deep, Romeo," said she. "Certainly I am not spoofing you. You are such a man of the world, Romeo," she added, pensively, and sighed again.

"O, gosh!" he scoffed, momentarily at a loss for words.

THEY had reached the inn. Martha thrust the key into his hand and requested him to unlock the door. He did so and stood aside for her to precede him into the dark interior.

"You go first," she commanded.

He gave her a quick look. "You are not afraid, are you, Martha?"

"Just a weeny-teeny bit," she acknowledged.

"Take my arm," he said, gallantly.

"I shan't mind after we get past the hall," she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "Years and years ago a woman was murdered right here in this hall. She was trying to escape from a gentleman who had brought her here, and he shot her from the stairs over yonder just as she reached the door.

"She was a poor but proud working girl, and he was a man of the world," she calmly informed him. "Now, this was the parlor of the inn, where people used to congregate and converse on topics of the day. They——"

"For goodness sake, don't talk like a guide, Martha. I mean, as if you had learned it all by heart."

"But that is just what we all had to do—learn it by heart. We always begin with the murder of the poor working girl and then pass on to the parlor. I learned it when I was ten years old. The best way is just to keep talking, grandma says, and not give people a chance to ask questions. I forgot that you are not a tourist, Romeo. Still, if you don't mind, I will keep on with our regular lecture on the old historic inn, and we will get through ever so much sooner if you don't interrupt, please. Now you will kindly note the oak paneled walls and observe that the boards are in a remarkable state of preservation, notwithstanding the fact that they were hewn by sturdy pioneers nearly a century and a half ago. Back in the days when our indomitable ancestors were——"

"O, for the love of Socrates!"

"——ancestors were laying the foundations of the great republic——"

"See here," he burst out, "how long is this lecture going to be, Martha?"

"It lasts from the front door clear up to the garret and down the backstairs to the kitchen and pantry and cheese room," she replied, frowning. "Now you've gone and put me off the track. I shall have to begin all over again. 'Back in the days when our indomitable——'"

"Just a moment, please. Do you charge anything for taking strangers over this place?"

"O, mercy, no!" she exclaimed. "Almost everybody gives us a quarter or a half dollar before they leave, however, but there is no regular charge. A rich man from New York gave Nancy five dollars once. That is the record. We will now pass into the second drawing room, where General Washington and General Lafayette are known to have held a secret conference——"

"Do you mean to say you girls accept tips for showing people over the inn?" he demanded, stopping short in his tracks and staring at her.

"Why not?" she inquired, coolly. "You surely don't imagine that we get any fun out of it, do you? You wouldn't, I'll bet, if you had to do it three or four times a day, as we do in the busy season. Tramping around all this dirt and rubbish and getting cobwebs all over your face, and——"

"Well, why don't you have the

place scrubbed and cleaned up? It would look a whole lot more attractive."

"Yes, but who would want to see a historic inn that looked as though people had slept in it last night? Nobody. It's just got to be filthy and grimy and run down. You've no idea how delighted every one is with the dirt and everything. They just simply adore it. O, you must not look so nervous, Romeo," she cried. "I shouldn't think of expecting a tip from you. You see"—and here she smiled—"you are what is commonly known as a deadhead."

"Well, of all the——"

"The cabinet to your left," she resumed, "was constructed about the year seventeen hundred and twenty-five, which would make it at least one hundred and ninety-eight years old. It is made of walnut, one of the most durable of woods. The old mantelpiece still bears the coat of paint that was put upon it when my great-great-grandfather first built the inn. We will now pass into the dining room, where you behold many rare and original pieces of furniture."

She paused for breath. Romeo looked up quickly. Martha was sniffing the air.

"Do you smell anything, Romeo?" she asked.

He sniffed obligingly. "Is it part of the game for me to smell something?" he inquired.

"Certainly not. But do you?"

"I get a faint odor of violets," he said. "I have always liked the perfume you use, Martha. It is——"

She stamped her foot. "Don't you smell cigaret smoke?"

He started. "Cigaret smoke?" His thoughts flashed back to old Elijah's story. "Now that you mention it, I do."

There was a startled look in her eyes as she faced him. "Some one has been smoking cigarets in here," she said in a low voice.

"And it wasn't George Washington or General Lafayette," said he. "It is a comparatively modern smell. Let's have a look upstairs. You may have an unexpected lodger stopping at the inn."

He experienced a little thrill of excitement. The possibility of encountering Elijah's cigaret smoking ghost in the flesh was exhilarating. To his surprise, Martha did not hang back. She compressed her lips and resolutely led the way to the stairs.

"We usually begin with the bridal chamber," she said. "Don't you think the smell of cigaret smoke is stronger up here?"

"It certainly is."

She strode across the hall and threw open the door of the bridal chamber.

"My goodness! Look! Look at the bed!"

And right here begins a series of strange happenings in which Romeo sees the fairies, entertains an unexpected midnight visitor, and forms himself into a labor union. All told in next week's installment.

Five fearless, feathered flamingoes flew from fiercely fuming forest fires.—Jack Mariner, Chicago.

—o—

Winsome Winnie Winkle willingly whistles wistfully.—W. C. Kumpfer, Chicago.

—o—

Terrible twisting tongue tanglers twist tangled tongues terribly.—Marie Falkenthal, Chicago.

—o—

Tilly Titter tried to teach Tommy Taylor tricks.—Mrs. C. B. Anderson, Chicago.

—o—

Funny Fanny's father finds Ford for Fanny's father family Ford.—Miss Loretta Finn, Chicago.

—o—

Busy bluebirds brightly build between big blooming branches.—Edward Kurth, Chicago.

—o—

Tiffany Taft's tanks thank Tammany Tiff's tramping tommies.—Mrs. John Dittsworth, Freeport, Ill.

—o—

Sammy Shannon shivered shining slim Sylvester Slocum's shoes Sunday.—Margaret Austin, Chicago.

—o—

Prudy Prexie puffed profusely picking pears.—Margaret Braun, Cincinnati, O.

—o—

Pretty Polly preserved peaches Peter Prichard picked.—Robert Kiener, Johnstown, N. Y.

—o—

Peter painted Polly's pretty parrot pink.—Catherine Cassin, Chicago.

—o—

Balmy breezes blew Billie's big blue bubbles.—Lloyd Lewis, Chicago.

—o—

Fair Fannie's father fought furiously for freedom.—Helen Weber, Oshkosh, Wis.

—o—

Samuel Sylvester shut Sarah's single shingled shutters.—M. McFall, Germantown, Pa.

—o—

Many manufacturing manufacturers manufacture merchantable merchandise.—W. Pietraszek, Hammond, Ind.

—o—

Proper Polly petulantly prohibits Peter Plopper's petting.—Mrs. Francis Morrissey, West Brooklyn, Ill.

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Salvation Sally served several shell-shocked soldiers sandwiches.—Mary McFall, Philadelphia, Pa.

—o—

When will Winnie Winkle wed, we wonder?—Billy Fitzgerald, Chicago.

—o—

Sociable Sally Sachs spends Sundays swimming.—Mrs. R. E. Hadley, Chicago.

—o—

Sandy Sammy Samson saw Sally Sanders sew socks.—Samuel L. Hane, Wheeling, W. Va.

—o—

Betsy Brown bakes bigger biscuits by buying better butter.—George Plankenhorn, Erindale, Ont.

—o—

Sue Shedd saw Simon Seths' shed.—Robert O'Neill, Stamford, Conn.

—o—

Cousin Clarence censored coquette Constance's costly costume.—Lona Machler, Chicago.

—o—

Shy Susie sat singing sea songs sweetly.—G. Mariner, Chicago.

—o—

Red ruffles raise ructions round royal Russian rosters.—I. Travers, Chicago.

—o—

Sarah Shannon sold six silk shawls.—M. Sullivan, Chicago.

—o—

Hatty Hixom's husband's horse hurt his hoof.—Martin Bowes, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Friendly, fleshy Flossie fed Farmer Fred's father flounder fish.—Marie Lawrence, Chicago.

—o—

Faithful, forlorn Freddy followed fair, frivolous, flitting Freda.—Anna Gentry, Maywood, Ill.

—o—

Gloomy Gussie's glazed glasses glittered glaringly.—Gertrude Anderson, Chicago.

—o—

Pretty Patsy Pumpernickel preferred pickled pretzels picked promptly.—W. Carnelli, Chicago.

—o—

Pretty Patty Parker practices prelude pieces patiently.—Helen Dupont, Fall River, Mass.

—o—

Some silly saps save sloppy soap suds.—Frances Kingsley, Chicago.

—o—

Laughing lively, little Lillie lisps lots.—Mrs. J. O'Brien, Chicago.

—o—

Arthur's Adam's apple attracts Alice's assiduous attention.—Miss K. Ryan, Clayton, Mo.

—o—

Silly Sally Saucer sits sewing Sammy's stockings.—Josephine Wezeman, Chicago.

—o—

Bertha's big brother Ben bowled big balls breathlessly.—Mrs. William Barry, Chicago.

—o—

Dan dangled dazzling daggers dangerously.—Jean Neill, Chicago.

Terrence tried till twelve to teach Tommy typing.—Harris Persons, Marshall, Minn.

—o—

Frantic Florence finished Flora's fussy frock Friday.—Agnes Moore, Los Angeles, Cal.

—o—

Prudent Polly politely pardoned Peter's perky pun.—Mrs. Louis Renschlein, Burlington, Wis.

—o—

Peter pawned Polly Pepper's pretty pink pearls.—Hazel Unverzagt, New York City.

—o—

Four ferocious foxes fought five furious ferrets.—Mary Pastoret, St. Paul, Minn.

—o—

Sunday Simple Simon sat solving sums.—Josephine Costigan, Chicago.

—o—

Surely Shirley shall see Saul's show.—George Blumenthal, Detroit, Mich.

—o—

Peter purchased Pansy's priceless pup, Pal.—Grace Kiener, Melvin, Ill.

—o—

Silk socks soaked soapily sometimes save splitting seams.—Mrs. I. Cunningham, Chicago.

—o—

Six sleek, slick shaven sheiks sent Shebas silk stockings.—Mrs. M. S. Ensrud, Rushford, Minn.

—o—

Thousands thronged Tillie Tooley's theater Tuesday.—Patsy Finn, Austin, Ill.

—o—

Many mathematicians make mathematical mistakes.—Ben Stolarz, Hammond, Ind.

—o—

"Razor Rastus" raced rarin' running, ragged rascal.—Walter G. Horton, Chicago.

—o—

Sweet Sylvia served several shrimp sandwiches Sunday.—Catherine McGuire, Chicago.

—o—

Billy Brooks bought buxom Beatrice beautiful beads.—Mrs. M. Byron, Litchfield, Ill.

—o—

Fair French fashion fascinates foreign females.—Mrs. L. Constant, Hartsdale, N. Y.

$5 for *BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN*—See Page 62

Warwicks of Democracy's Convention

Captions by Arthur Sears Henning

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND is Tom Taggart of Indiana. He is friendly with McAdoo, friendly with Smith, and, of course, if neither can win, it would be only friendly like for them to turn in and help Tom put over Senator Ralston.
Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

WITH MANY DIRE FOREBODINGS of the result of a convention held in wet New York City, within the shadows of Tammany Hall and Wall Street, William Jennings Bryan will shepherd his flock of dry Democrats and progressive Democrats and hope for the best.
Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION will be made in Madison Square Garden, New York, but the nominee will be picked at that little roundup of the leaders just before the last session in the room of George E. Brennan of Illinois, the newest "big boss" in the Democratic party. P. & A. Photo.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION is an old story to Norman E. Mack of New York, member of the Democratic national committee, but he'll get a thrill if his friend Al Smith should win. International photo.

WHEN IT COMES to building the platform, Carter Glass, United States senator from Virginia, may be relied upon to furnish one ready made, and needing only a few finishing touches in the committee.
Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

GUARANTEED TO REMAIN COOL throughout what bids fair to be the most hectic convention in decades is Oscar Underwood, senator from Alabama, who entertains some well-restrained hopes himself, but will play an important part in the selection of the nominee.
Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Discovered—Maybe—the Perfect Film Lovers!

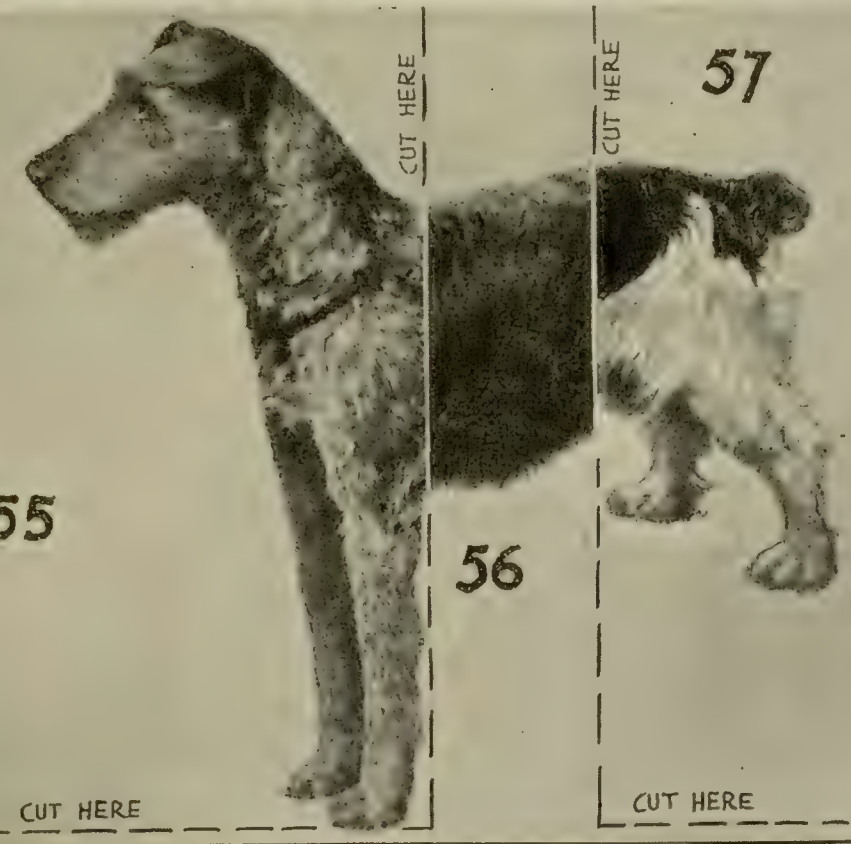
Captions by Frances Peck

ROMEO AND JULIET again! At a recent annual banquet Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix entered the race for premier honors in the two roles. They acted the tomb scene from Shakespeare's play and were greeted with acclaim.

WATCH THE BOB GROW! Leatrice Joy, who recently shingled her hair, has come to the conclusion she'll conform to the new verdict of the hairdressers. Witness the rolls of hair deftly influenced by an invisible net.

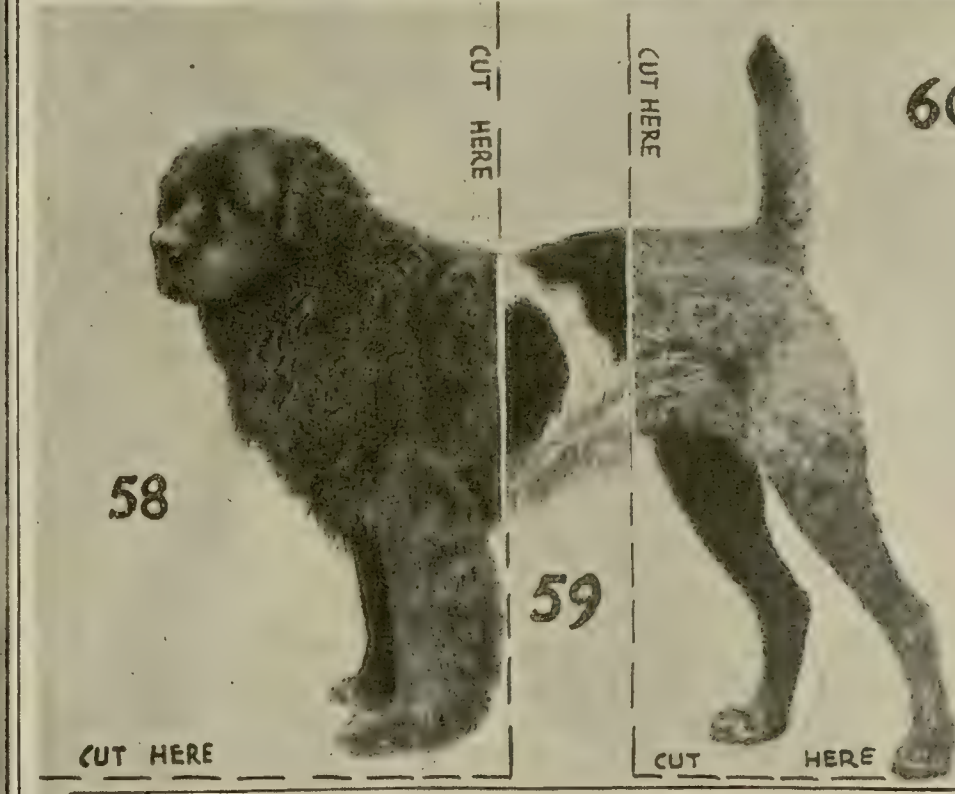
HERE COMES THE BRIDE in the person of Estelle Taylor, who wears this concoction in "Tiger Love."

Composite Dogs!
Can You Put Them Together Right?



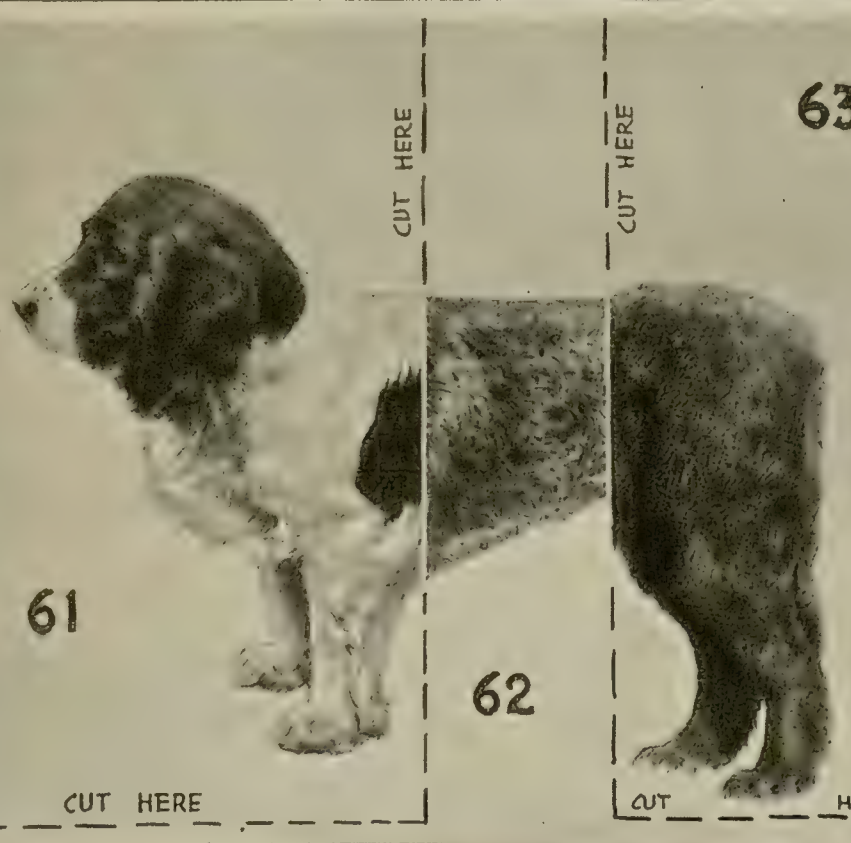
This is a _____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE Set No. 7

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite are of a terrier whose first name is an adjective pertaining to an island west of Great Britain. The midsection is of a dog named after an island northeast of the United States. The hind legs of a kind of spaniel.



This is a _____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE Set No. 7

THE HEAD and forelegs are those of a dog whose name has three syllables. The midsection is of one the first syllable of whose first name means rooster. The hind legs are of a dog whose land has recently changed its form of government.



This is a _____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE Set No. 7

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite are of a dog whose first name has two syllables. The midsection is of a dog whose name begins with the ninth letter of the alphabet. The hind legs are of one whose name means recently discovered territory.

The Publishers of LIBERTY Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

Be sure to read Rule 5. DON'T send in cut-outs until you have all thirty of them.

[RULES]

1. Every week, for 10 weeks, Liberty will print three Composite Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. Each Composite will be composed of three parts of different dogs. The three Composites printed each week will, when cut apart and put together properly, make three complete pictures.

   The public is invited to cut out the pictures, assemble them and name the breeds of the dogs. 500 LIVE, PEDIGREED DOGS will be given to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest sets of the 30 pictures.

2. This contest is open to everybody —ANYWHERE—men, women, boys and girls—*except professional dog breeders or merchants and their families.* Employes of LIBERTY and their families also are barred.

3. You pay nothing. You do no work. Just amuse yourself by proving your skill.

4. The Puzzle Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the breed or kind of dog.

5. In all, 30 Puzzle Pictures will be printed—3 each week for 10 weeks. Pictures are to be submitted in sets of 30 only. Hold all pictures until you have the complete set of 30. Then send them to "Puzzle Pictures," Post Office Box 1539, Chicago, Ill.

   In sending pictures be sure to attach your name and address. *Also state what breed of Dog you want and whether male or female, full-grown or puppy.*

   All pictures must be in by midnight 21 days after Set No. 10 is published.

6. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

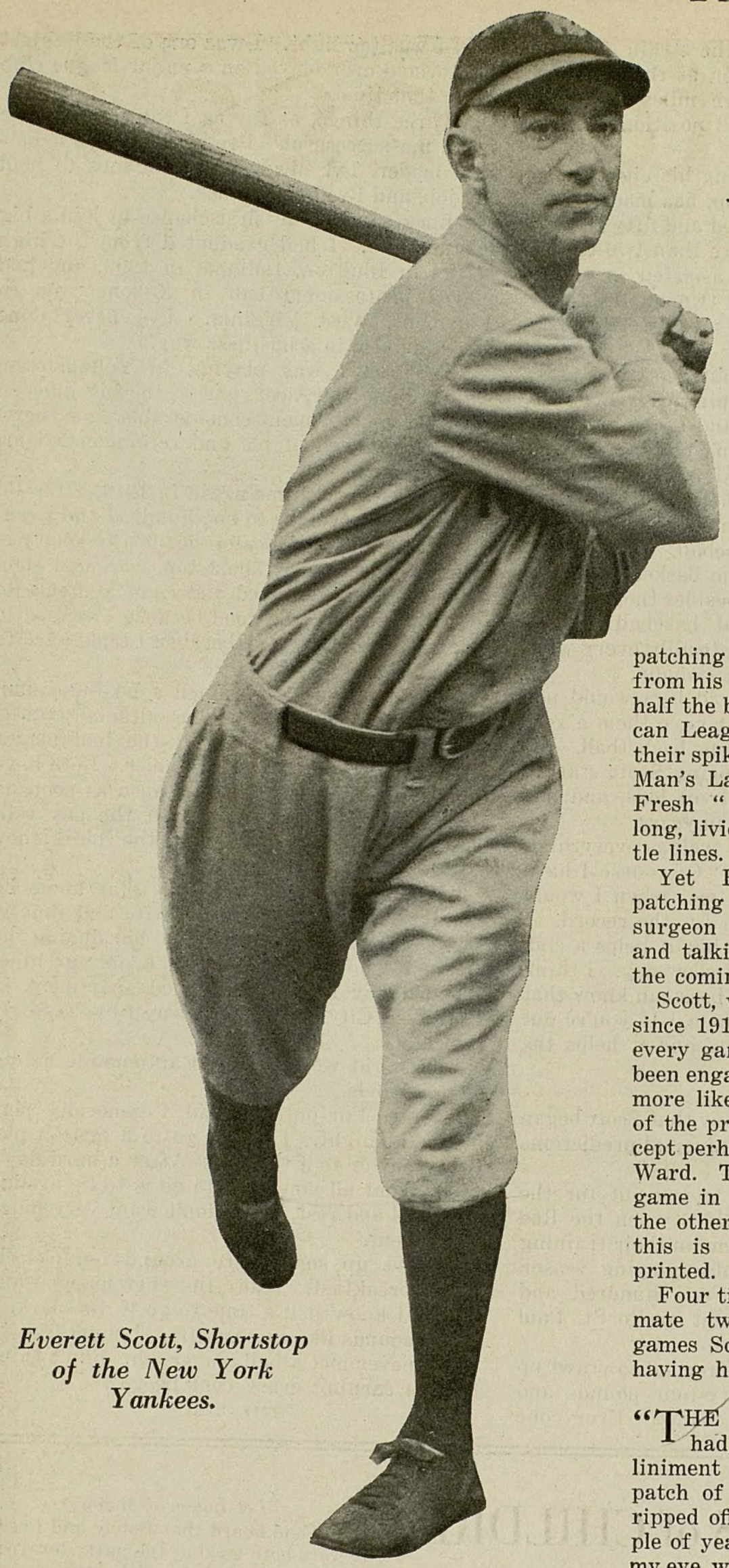
7. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. This Weekly may be examined at the office of publication or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers. The judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

Three More Puzzle Pictures Next Week.

Copyright, 1924: By The Coloroto Corporation



Everett Scott, Shortstop of the New York Yankees.

EIGHT YEARS *Without a* DAY OFF!

The True Story of Everett Scott, "The Most Dependable Player in Baseball," Who Has Played in 1,200 Consecutive Games

By Hugh Fullerton

A YOUNG man with the face of a boy, the steady eyes of a self-controlled fighter, the thin flanked, long muscled body of an athlete, sat in the clubhouse of the World's Champion New York Yankees, getting ready to play his eleven hundred and forty-eighth game of baseball in succession.

He was adjusting heavy elastic bandages to the legs which have carried him through twice as many successive games as any man ever played before and preparing to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the start of his record breaking performance and his last day off—which was June 19, 1916.

After he adjusted the heavy bandages to hold his "Charley horses" in check, he began patching up the devastated region from his thighs to his ankles, where half the base runners of the American League have carved him with their spikes. His legs look like "No Man's Land" did after a barrage. Fresh "sliders," new spike cuts, long, livid scratches, mark the battle lines.

Yet Everett Scott continued patching up his legs as if he were a surgeon operating on a stranger, and talking while he prepared for the coming battle.

Scott, who has not had a day off since 1916, and who has played in every game in which his team has been engaged since June 20, 1916, is more like the old timers than any of the present day ball players, except perhaps his side partner, Aaron Ward. The latter has not missed a game in four years—unless one or the other is hurt between the time this is written and when it is printed.

Four times during those approximate twelve hundred successive games Scott has narrowly escaped having his record broken.

"THE narrowest escape I ever had," Scott said as he poured liniment into a raw "slider"—a patch of skin three inches square ripped off in a slide—"was a couple of years ago. I had a boil over my eye, which was swollen shut. The boil had been opened, but was troublesome and Ed Barrow, business manager, ordered me not to play. I went to the dressing room feeling a little bit depressed because I was to break my string. I took off my uniform, thinking that the end of the run was reached, and then it began to rain and the game was called off, so my record remained unbroken."

Scott neglected to state that, on the following day, with the boil lanced and his face swollen, he did play.

"Another time," Scott continued, "I was walking between the pitcher and catcher who were warming up when one of Hoyt's fast ones caught me on the side of the head. I was unconscious twenty minutes, but revived ten minutes before time for the game to start and played."

Scott omitted to state he played with a headache, yet got two hits which won the game.

Another time Scott got out of bed when his doctor told him he must stay in and nurse a case of grippe, went to the park and won a ball game. On another occasion, caught in an automobile accident miles from the scene of the game, Scott commandeered everything on wheels and reached the park in time to save his record.

Of the scores of times he has played with legs cut and chopped, fingers cracked, and aching arm, Scott doesn't speak. His legs are marked with shell holes, craters, dug outs. That big black blotch is where a fast pitched ball hit and entitled him to trot to first base.

No one ever heard Scotty complain. The nearest approach to soliciting sympathy is when he says to Aaron Ward:

"Wardy, lend me a pint or so of peroxide—I want to pour it into this cut."

THE clubhouse of a major league club during a hard season is a back stage picture which would cure some people of saying ball players earn their money easily. The modern ball player, it is true, stays out of the game frequently and one of the old timers' criticisms is that today players quit because of injuries which the player of years ago would have ignored.

Scott, Ty Cobb, Aaron Ward, Tris Speaker, and a few other veterans of the major leagues hold to the old time code and refuse to quit because of injuries, but the majority of players quit the instant they suffer a slight hurt. This is partly because in the highly commercialized condition of the baseball business, the player considers himself first, and partly because managers and trainers, fearing permanent loss of the services of the players, insist that the stars take no chances. As live stock the good ball player has become immensely valuable.

In the old days it was a matter of pride among ball players to stick in the game regardless of injuries. Even as late as the days of Hughie Jennings' champion Detroit Tigers one of the rules of the club was that a player who was hurt should never let the opposing team know his condition. I have seen Cobb, with cuts which would appear to make it impossible for him to stick in the game, pretend to be uninjured while the opponent with a lesser injury would be hobbling to the clubhouse. I talked to Cobb before a game in which he played one day when he was full of quinine and molasses and a one hundred and two degrees temperature.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

One of the oddest instances of gameness I ever witnessed was given by old Tim Donohue, one of the strangest characters and one of the greatest backstops who ever wore a uniform.

It was the day before the 1898 season was to open, and Chicago was playing an exhibition game at Indianapolis. The day was extremely cold and a strong-armed, fast ball pitcher named Roger Denzer was in the box, with Donohue catching. There had been much rivalry in the team regarding who would be the first catcher, the veteran Malachi Kittridge being the logical candidate, although Donohue was after the honor.

Early in the game Denzer pitched his fast ball wide, and Donohue reached for it with his "meat hand." The ball struck between the first and second finger and split the hand for an inch or more. Donohue was at once put into a cab and rushed to a physician's office.

A coupe of hours later we returned to the hotel and found Tim mad and fuming. The doctor had demanded a big price for sewing up the hand. Tim had refused to pay and was cursing the doctor with his hand still swathed in bandages.

Bill Dahlen and I were rooming with Tim and we agreed to fix up the hand. Obtaining a surgeon's needle, a pint of peroxide and some surgeon's thread, we sewed the hand up, putting four stitches in front and two on the back, and applied the peroxide. Then Tim took adhesive tape, wrapped the fingers together and caught the opening game of the season the next day.

Captain Anson was another who ignored pains and hurts. One summer while riding a bicycle he ran into a fire hydrant. He continued to play for nearly two weeks, complaining all the time of his side. A doctor found that three of Anson's ribs were broken.

Most injuries today, however, result in quick disappearance from the field, and this has made Scott's record breaking performance the more remarkable. Last fall, when the season closed, Scott had played in one thousand one hundred and thirty-eight games—that is championship games—without missing one.

WHEN the season closed last year the critics predicted sadly that Scotty was almost done. They declared the strain of one thousand one hundred and thirty-eight successive games had worn him out. It was a shame, they said, that he had stuck too long, and added that no person could stand the strain of fielding and catching balls driven at the speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and making throws from all positions across the diamond.

The fact that Scotty, during his eight years of unbroken play at shortstop, has made about three thousand seven hundred and fifty throws to first base, has retired more than two thousand two hundred players, assisted or unassisted, and has made about two hundred and fifteen errors, indicates how much work he has done.

The strangest feature about Scott was that, while the experts were weeping over his supposed worn out condition, and ascribing it to his long strain of continuous playing, it was not baseball at all that was slowing him up.

The fact is it was basketball which was wearing out those ancient and honorably scarred legs—and not baseball. The quick starting and stopping on the basket ball floor was slowing him up. For, besides those almost one thousand two hundred baseball games, Scott has played basketball steadily every winter, and for two years professionally.

Last winter, feeling the old legs would not stand too much strain, Scott gave them a rest and bowled instead of playing basketball.

The result is that this spring Scott started again, as if with a new pair of legs, and has been faster and better than in years.

"It is a matter of luck as well as everything else," Scott said modestly. "Of course I have stuck in the game several times when I would have rested had it not been for the record. I might have taken it easier, but it helps a club for any one to be on the job every day. I think it helps any business if the boss can know that a fellow can be depended upon. If you're out there every day it helps you and it helps the team."

IT may interest some to know that Scott began his career amid almost universal predictions of failure.

"I got my first chance to try out for the big league in 1913," he said, "when the Red Sox took me South with them on their training trip. But when the regular playing season opened I had dropped to one hundred and twelve pounds. So they sent me to St. Paul in the American Association.

"The following year I managed to crawl up to one hundred and twenty-four pounds and the Sox gave me another chance. Every one said I was too light. I was one of the lightest men who'd ever played on a major league club up to that time.

"Three things, as far as I can figure, have made me successful. I've always been a natural fielder, I've always been anxious to hold my job, and I've been in luck.

"Luck gave me my first chance to join a big league team. I had graduated from the high school in Bluffton, Indiana, in 1909, and had played professional ball in Kokomo and in Fairmont, West Virginia. I've never done anything else in a business way.

"In 1912 I was playing in Youngstown, Ohio. James McAleer, one of the big guns in the Boston club, spent considerable time there. He thought well of me and recommended me for a tryout.

"Luck was with me again in 1914, after I'd increased my weight to one hundred and twenty-four pounds and Boston decided to keep me. Wagner, the regular shortstop, was hurt soon after the season started and I got a chance to fill his place. I made good because I seemed to be a natural fielder, and because I tried hard to hold my job.

"A ball player is as much a business man as a traveling salesman. The salesman travels to sell goods for his house; the ball player travels to help his club with games. Both have to take care of their jobs because as soon as they fail to deliver they go off the pay roll. The principal difference is in the hours they work

"When a ball player's club is at home he usually lives quietly with his wife and family. My home's in Auburn, Indiana, but during the summer months my wife and I and our nine-year-old boy have a furnished apartment in New York City. I think the way I live is fairly typical.

"At night we usually go automobile riding or to a movie.

"When I'm on the road I generally play bridge at night. I rarely go to a motion picture show or to a theater. After a hard day's work about all you want to do is to lie around the hotel and rest. You don't want very much excitement.

"I get up somewhere around ten o'clock, have breakfast, read the newspaper—and before I know it it's time to go to the park.

"It sounds like an easy life. I suppose it is. But I never met a ball player who didn't think he was earning every cent he got."

THE END

Psycho-Analysis

Barbara Rose had been reprimanded for lack of obedience and was feeling quite badly about it. Auntie inquired the cause.

"Nuffin', Auntie, only my feelin's feel sick," came the plaintive response."—V. M. B., Washington, Ia.

* * *

Coining a New Word

My nephew fell down.

I started to sympathize with him.

"O, that's nuffin'—I just came unstood," he said.—F. J., Chicago.

* * *

Mamma's "Say-So" Goes

Bobby and Evelyn, our neighbor's little girl, were arguing about the respective authority of their parents.

Bobby—When my daddy says it's so, then it is so, you bet!

Evelyn—Yes, but when my mamma says it's so, then it is so, even if it isn't so!—M. K., Chicago.

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, Tribune Square, Chicago

Where the Fence "Ain't"

My young nephew was not used to having his play restricted by a backyard with a fence inclosing it and looked disgustedly at mine when he came to visit.

"Come on, Allen," he said to his younger brother, "let's go where the fence ain't!"—R. R. S., Manitowoc, Wis.

* * *

A Fine Backyard

Irma was eagerly watching the country roll by as she experienced her first trip on a train and remarked: "My, hasn't this train got a fine backyard?"—E. U. G., Boone, Iowa.

* * *

No Sand in My Eyes

Grandma was urged to lie down beside Junior the other day when he was to take his afternoon nap. After much wriggling and fussing grandma said, "Junior, why don't you lie still and go to sleep?"

Junior promptly answered, "Why, grandma, some days the Sandman don't put any sand in my eyes, so I can't go to sleep."—E. G., Chicago.

$5 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 57

Let Loose of Manners

I had heard that Bobby and Lester were both good at the party but from the looks of their clothes I surmised they had got in some difficulty on the way home. When I questioned Lester closely he said, reluctantly: "We used company manners all the time at the party, but Bob and I got in a scrap coming home and we just let loose of manners."—J. R., Ames, Iowa.

* * *

Of Course!

Little Effie was trying to answer some of Artie's questions. "Bipeds, like us, have two legs, but quadrupeds like Muff and Fido have four——"

"I know all that," interrupted Artie, "but why do quadrupeds have four legs 'stead of two?"

Effie considered for a minute and then—"quadrupeds have four legs so's to hold up all the corners, of course."—A. H., Clifton, Ill.

THE MECHANIC KNOWS
Men who work on cars know the value of the best and most suitable oils.
"Oil her right and she'll hit on all six!" . . .
For every kind of car there is a grade of Texaco Motor Oil. Each one of them is clean, clear, golden colored and full bodied.
Texaco Motor Oils by their purity and full body help to eliminate dirty spark plugs and leaky valves.
Put nothing but Texaco Motor Oil in the crank-case and you'll drive with a mind unclouded by the fear of engine trouble.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U.S.A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
Also refiners of Texaco Gasoline "the volatile gas," and a complete line of high-grade Petroleum Products
TEXACO
TEXACO
GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

26 Million Women *wash all their fine things this way*

from sheer silk stockings – to big handsome blankets

Modish tuck-in — trig, mannish shirt — whichever model she chooses, if it's smart it's bound to be white this year—white that is so hard to keep from turning yellow unless it's laundered carefully. But what does she fear? She'll plop it into Lux suds the instant it is soiled and out it comes like new.

TWENTY-SIX MILLION — yes, it's astonishing! At first you can hardly believe it.

Then you start to think about it and you realize that almost everyone you know uses Lux for the things she cares the most about — things that just as a matter of course used to go to the cleaner.

As one enthusiastic woman wrote: "You will never guess what I've just washed in Lux — a velvet dress! It came out perfectly — and I've saved the $5.50 it costs to have it cleaned!"

How startling Lux was even in form! Never before had there been anything like it. Just pure essence of soap in tissue-thin flakes that dissolve instantly. With Lux of course, you never have to rub sensitive fabrics. Just squeezing Lux suds through them again and again cleanses them perfectly.

Lovely fabrics, you know, are easily injured by wrong soap. Even a soap that is safe for the face may not be safe for them, for they have not the skin's power of renewing itself.

Partly because of its form—but chiefly because of its remarkable purity, makers of all kinds of fabrics urge women to use Lux for washing fine materials. Their tests prove that any fabric that is safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

So today — 26,000,000 women in this country alone wash their silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Tender skin of the dearest baby in the world. Keep it free from irritation and distressing rashes. Wash all his little garments with Lux. Lux won't make his diapers rough and scratchy. It won't cause the dread diaper rash, the source of such severe suffering to babies. Lux is safe for all the clothes that touch his sensitive skin.

For milady Paris sends cobwebby hosiery—ravishing underthings, too. Not extravagant now to buy them! They'll last if you launder them with Lux.

All soft and fluffy — clean and safe from moths — it's hard to believe you ever dreaded blanket washing time. You never have an anxious moment now that you use Lux for washing blankets. You know they'll tuck in with the same generous allowance as when they were brand new. Lux won't shrink woolens—won't coarsen or mat them.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS · WON'T YELLOW OR FADE SILKS